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SIR MARMADUKE POLE.

SIR MARMADUKE POLE was a sturdy old knight,
Who in war and in peace had done every man right ;

He lived with his neighbors in loving accord,
Save the Abbot and Monks, whom he fiercely abhorr'd,

This rough old Sir Marmaduke Pole.

He sat like a king in his old castle-hall,
With guests round his table, and servants at call ;

He whoop'd to the falcon, he hunted the deer,—
If down by the Abbey, his comrades could hear
A growl from Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Now Sir Marmaduke lay on his leave-taking bed ;

And he smiled on the mourners, and tranquilly said,

"I can trust my poor soul to the Lord God of heav'n,

Though living unpriested, and dying unshriv'n ;
Say good-by to old Marmaduke Pole."

But his Lady and others do sorely repine
He thus should deacease like an ox or a swine.

A message in haste to the Abbey they send ;
For there's frost on the tongue, and the arm
cannot bend,

Of sturdy Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Says my Lady, "Too long have I yielded my mind,"

Says Richard, "To go with the world I'm inclined."

"O Mother of Mercy!" sobs Jane his young spouse,

"O Saviour, thou wert not disown'd in this house!"

And she prays for Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Good Abbot Ambrosius forgets every wrong,
And speeds to the gate which repell'd him so long.

The stair ("Pax vobiscum!") is strange to his tread.

He puts every one forth. There's no voice from the bed

Of quiet Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Again the door opens ; they enter the place.
Pale, rigid, and stern, lies the well-belov'd face.

"The Church, through God's mercy and blessed Saint John,

Has received in her bosom a penitent son."

So parted Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Who feasts with Sir Richard? Who shrives Lady Jane?

Whose mule to the Castle jogs right, without rein?

Our Abbey has moorland and meadowland wide,
Where, hawking and hunting, so proudly would ride

This headstrong Sir Marmaduke Pole.

In the chancel they buried Sir Marmaduke Pole ;
And sang many masses for good of his soul.

Amidst praying and chiming, and incense and flame,

His bones fell to dust. You may still read his name

In blurr'd letters,—SIR MARMADUKE POLE.
—*Athenæum*. W. A.

"THE ROCK"

IN THE VALLEY OF EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain ;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
The lonely waste of Edom's plain

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turned not back ;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb ;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time !

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod,
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing floor of God

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe
To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor.

And where upon its ancient guard
The Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,
Looks from its turrets desert-ward,
And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud,
It heard the voice of God to Man ;
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angel's walk in Israel's van !

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile.

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
Cloud bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung !
How grew its shadowing pile, at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came !

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;
We need the shadowing rock as they,
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send his angels Cloud and Fire
To lead us o'er the desert land !
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land !

—*National Era*.

J. G. W

From The New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EUGENE.*

PRINCE EUGENE DE BEAUHARNAIS, the adopted son of the Emperor Napoleon I., and, as he has been designated, the "Bayard of the Empire," began to dictate his Memoirs, towards the conclusion of his life, in the first place to M. Henin, ex-treasurer of the crown of Italy, and then to M. Planat de la Faye, the latter terminating, unfortunately, in 1805, at the very time when the kingdom of Italy was constituted. He also dictated a general notice of the campaign of 1809. As to the Correspondence, it speaks, like the Memoirs, for itself, and the editor's labor was thus limited to filling up the gaps wanting in the consecutiveness of the narrative, and more especially to reply to those attacks made upon the prince's memory, from which no man of note is ever free, and which no man of mark ever escapes. In the instance of Prince Eugene, his most determined detractor has been one General d'Anthouard, whom we learn, from a letter of the surviving widow, having been aide-de-camp to the prince, was in his lifetime guilty of gross misconduct and ingratitude, was forbidden her (the princess') saloon, and revenged himself for his disgrace by calumny and slander. There is that in the Duchess of Leuchtenberg's letter which is always delightful to read: in repudiating these attacks upon her husband's memory, she shows how devoted she was at the same time to his person as well as to his reputation and honor.

"That splendid reputation," she writes, "which is our treasure, has ever been respected by our enemies, and it is a Frenchman, a former aide-de-camp of the prince, who has the audacity to tell lies in order to defame him! It is frightful! Had I been an 'intrigante,' as General d'Anthouard says, I could have procured for my family a very different existence than that which it enjoys here. But my conduct has never varied; it has been worthy of the widow of Prince Eugene."

Another detractor—and one of greater celebrity and standing—has been the Duke of Ragusa, whose attacks have been answered by M. Planat and by Count Tascher de la

Pagerie, and have been the subject of a long legal inquiry, which terminated in favor of the prince's family.

The Duchess of Leuchtenberg, anxious to reply to these detractors of her beloved husband's fair fame, labored three years herself in collating the documents left behind—death alone interrupted her pious work. Her eldest son preceded her, and her second son, Prince Max, having wedded a Russian princess, removed the materials to St. Petersburg, but, following his mother early to the grave, the papers passed into the hands of the family trustees. The Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa, published so late as in 1857, attested to the urgency of vindicating the prince's character by the publication of the valuable documents thus collected together; and M. du Casse was entrusted with the honorable task of editing for the first time the life of the soldier-prince, of whom Napoleon the Great said at St. Helena, "he never caused me a sorrow," and to whom he gave for device "Honor and Fidelity."

Eugene was, according to his own account, born in Paris on the 3rd of September, 1781. His father, Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnais, was in the military service. His mother, Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, born in the island of Martinique, was married to the viscount at the early age of fourteen. Eugene, when old enough, was placed at the College d'Harcourt, and he remained there till the Revolution, when his father declared for the Left, whilst his elder brother, the Marquis François de Beauharnais, held by the Right. After presiding over the Constituent Assembly, and serving in the army of the Republic in the North and on the Rhine, the viscount became one of the victims of the Reign of Terror only four days before the downfall of Robespierre. Josephine herself only escaped through the intervention of Tallien.

In consequence of a government order to the effect that all the children of nobles should learn a trade, Eugene was placed at a carpenter's, and his sister Hortense at a milliner's. He left this humble employment to serve under General Hoche; and he relates that if the master was severe and the schooling a little rude, it was not the less efficacious. It was at this time that an event occurred which was destined to have an immense influence upon the future of young Eugene. The manner in which that event was brought

* Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Prince Eugene, publiés, annotés, et mis en ordre par A. du Casse, Auteur des "Mémoires du Roi Joseph," Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1868.

about is very differently narrated by the prince himself to what is found in most historical works referring to the time :—

"In consequence of the 13th Vendémiaire, an order of the day forbade, under pain of death, to the inhabitants of Paris to have arms in their possession. I could not make up my mind to part with the sword which my father had worn, and to which he had given lustre by many honorable and brilliant services. I conceived hopes of being able to obtain permission to preserve this family relic, and, in order to succeed in this, I addressed myself to General Bonaparte. The interview that he granted me was the more affecting, as it awoke in me the memory of the loss I had so recently sustained. My sensitiveness, and several felicitous answers which I made to questions asked of me by the general, made the latter feel a wish to be acquainted with my family, and he came himself the next day to give me the permission which I had so ardently solicited. My mother thanked him with much grace and sensibility. He requested permission to come and see us again, and the pleasure he took in my mother's society rapidly increased. After the expiration of a few months, we anticipated the intention which the general entertained of uniting his lot to that of my mother, but all the splendor which has since surrounded Napoleon, at that time General Bonaparte, has not made me forget the regrets that I felt when I saw my mother decided upon this new alliance. It seemed to me that a second marriage, no matter with whom, was a kind of profanation of the memory of my father."

Bonaparte's departure for Italy followed closely upon his marriage, and soon afterwards Eugene received an appointment as sub-lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Hussars, and, on joining the army in Italy, he was attached as aide-de-camp to the general. He was at that time only fifteen years of age.

The early incidents of the fortunate young soldier's career were sufficiently exciting. It was by the mere accident of not being in bed at the time that he ought to have been, that he escaped being murdered at Corfu by certain Ionians, who were in search of another French officer. At a tumult at Rome he struck several times, with the flat of his sword, the man Ceracchi, who was afterwards executed for an attempt on the life of the First Consul. At Malta, on the way to Egypt, he captured one of the enemy's colors, and had the honor of presenting it, with four others, to the general on board *L'Orient*. When Valetta surrendered on the 13th, Eugene says he re-

members General Dufalga, commandant of Engineers, smilingly complimenting the general that there had been some one in the fortress to open the gates to him! At Alexandria, he relates, he was preceding the general by only a few paces, when they were subjected to a fire so well sustained from one of the houses that they thought it contained a large number of men. On breaking open the doors they found only one old man, surrounded by ten or twelve guns, which his wife and children loaded for him with wonderful celerity. He remembers Bonaparte saying, on the occasion of the battle of the Pyramids, "Soldiers, remember that from the top of those monuments forty centuries look down upon you." It is true that he was sent on a mission to the wife of the Mamlouk chief, Murad Bey, but it is not true, he says, that she made him a present of a valuable diamond. Bonaparte was at this time much annoyed at the discontent that reigned in the army, and also at letters which he received from France calculated to disturb his domestic happiness. Eugene, although so young, was his only confidant in these vexations. The general manifestly loved his step-son, and when, with the ardor of youth, he volunteered on a dangerous service, he would reprimand him. "Young man," he would say, "learn that, in our profession, we must not run before danger; we must be satisfied with the performance of our duty, do it well, and leave the rest to Providence."

The good understanding that existed between the general and his step-son received a momentary check from certain open attentions paid by the former to an officer's wife. Eugene felt himself so humiliated that he appealed to Berthier to be allowed to join a regiment. The consequence was "une scène assez vive," but the general ceased paying overt attentions to the lady in question.

Eugene, who had been saved from the fate of Suikowski by the foresight of Bonaparte, had the honor to lead the advance guard against Suez. It was on this occasion that the general, Eugene, the wooden-legged Dufalga, and a party of men and officers nearly lost their lives fording the gulf, on their way back from the Springs of Moses. The soldiers held this General Dufalga in great detestation, as they attributed the invasion of Egypt to his suggestions. "Look," said one, on the occasion of his passing by a regiment

on a weary march, "it is to that cursed wooden leg that we are indebted for being here." "No wonder," interrupted another; "what does he care? he is always sure of having one foot in France." In return for his services at Suez, Eugene received his lieutenancy. He was at that time seventeen years of age.

The expedition in Syria was as replete with adventure as that in Egypt. Had it not been for his bosom friend Duroc, the young aide-de-camp would have persisted in his sleep when his orders were to go at the dead of night from Gaza to the head-quarters of Kléber at Ramleh. Eugene says on this occasion that he was the only officer of the army of Egypt who got a distant sight of Jerusalem. Ten thousand olive-trees had been fired by the soldiers, and the consequent illumination was magnificent. Eugene led a picket of horse on the occasion of the capture of Jaffa. The spectacle which he there witnessed filled him with horror, and well it might. The poor people, whose only crime had been the gallant defence of their hearths and homes, were all massacred without distinction of sex or age; the streets were encumbered with dead; blood flowed down the gutters. Then came the still more odious fusillade of eight hundred prisoners. Several colonels, and among others Boyer, refused to carry out the general's orders; and Colonel d'Armagnac only carried them out, we are told, against his will. Eugene naturally attempts to defend his step-father; he says there was no food for prisoners, and most of them were of the garrison of Al Arish, who had been set at liberty on parole. But it is manifest that the scene was most painful to him. Galloping one day with only four men into Kaiffa, Eugene assures us he nearly captured Sir Sidney Smith, who had only just rowed off from the beach. But the boat's crew, if armed, must have been as strong as the young aide-de-camp's party, had they come to a hand-to-hand fight. Eugene was badly wounded at the siege of Acre by the fragment of a shell, nor did he recover for nineteen days afterwards. Still he took such an active part in this fearful siege, as to say of it that it left the impression of one of the most arduous services that he underwent during his whole military career. He relates several highly interesting incidents of this eventful struggle; one concerning the

death of Captain Mailly, who went against his judgment to try a breach, and another in reference to a young officer, who having asked a friend to take his place for a short time in the trenches, the latter was killed, a misfortune which so preyed upon the mind of the officer who had involuntarily brought about so disastrous a result, that he went in the dead of night, dug up his body with his hands and nails, and embraced it, asking pardon for his death. Dissensions between Bonaparte and Kléber, mainly, Eugene says, caused by Junot who repeated what the one said of the other, as Murat afterwards did in respect to Moreau, added to a still more fearful visitation—the plague—combined with the utter impossibility in which the army was placed of continuing the siege, at last led to that disastrous retreat, in which we are told only those who were wounded on the very last night, when the enemy kept up a well-sustained cannonade, were left behind. Eugene speaks with the more feeling concerning this disagreeable episode, as he had very nigh been one of the number. The first station they arrived at on the retreat—Tentura—was encumbered with wounded and sick. Symptoms of revolt manifested themselves alike among the soldiery and officers. Eugene was sent during the night, with some other aides-de-camp, to listen to what was said against the general. He says he also went with the celebrated surgeon Baron Larrey to see the hospitals after their evacuation. There were only four "moribunds," who were not in a state to be removed. "He showed them to me; the unfortunate men, suffering from thirst, clamored for drink; they had still sufficient presence of mind to know that they were abandoned, and to reproach us with the fact: the sight was truly distressing. I do not speak of the pretended poisoning of the plague-stricken with opium, because I at the time heard nothing about it, and because I consider the accusation to be a falsehood." He never could conceive, he adds in conclusion, how the army succeeded in passing the desert. The men had only a little rice biscuit and a bottle of water for four days and nights. Two wells were met with, but they were full of the bodies of those who had fallen in or thrown themselves into them in their impatience to drink, and the water was a mass of worms and corruption.

Eugene was always on the point of extin-

gushing that indomitable enemy of the French in the East—Sir Sidney Smith. At Aboukir he himself pointed a gun, the ball from which splashed the water all over the boat in which the gallant Englishman sat at the time. Some French newspapers which Bonaparte obtained at this time from an English cruiser, Eugene relates, made him form the definite resolution of returning to France at the very first opportunity. He kept his secret so well, however, that the army was marched from Cairo to Alexandria without knowing more than that another descent of the enemy was anticipated. To keep up the deception the general sent Eugene to look out on their arrival. It was only when he returned and announced that all he could see were two French frigates, that the truth came out. "Eugene," said the general, "you shall soon see your mother." The announcement, Eugene says, did not give him so much satisfaction as would be imagined. The fear of being captured by the English had also acknowledgedly no small share in the apprehension entertained by the few who accompanied Bonaparte in his furtive return. Bonaparte felt his way on his return by touching at Ajaccio, and he would, Eugene tells us, have landed on the coast of Spain but for contrary winds. His reception at Fréjus, which he was happy enough to reach in safety, however, decided the future. The people hailed him with loud shouts of "Voilà notre libérateur! c'est le Ciel qui nous l'envoie!" And no doubt Providence preserved Bonaparte at that early epoch of his career for his own special purposes. There were some hundreds of thousands of turbulent spirits to be immolated at the altar of glory, and who can doubt but that the instrument for that great hecatomb was as much chosen as was the prophet of old who led the Israelites forth from their bondage. The journey from Fréjus to Paris was a triumphal march. Unfortunately, whilst they proceeded through the Bourbonnais, Josephine had travelled to meet them by Burgundy. They thus arrived forty-eight hours before her in Paris, and her enemies took advantage of the circumstance to injure her, as they had before done, in her husband's eyes, so that he gave her a very cold reception.

Eugene corroborates to a great extent the account given by M. de Melito of the 19th of Brumaire. General Bonaparte withdrew, he says, from the council of the Five Hundred in a

state of great agitation; his features were altered, and the critical position in which he was placed was sufficient to account for that alteration, for no alternative remained but to succeed or to perish ignominiously on the scaffold. Eugene was sent at midnight to his mother to set her mind at rest as to the issue of the day. Fond of his profession, he did not like the new position in which Bonaparte's elevation to power placed him. He had to pass the day with ushers in an ante-chamber. Bonaparte did not take his recriminations ill-naturedly, but relieved him by an appointment as captain of his Chasseurs a Cheval de la Garde—a sole command, as there was only one troop.

The breaking out of war, however, soon called the young captain once more to active service. He followed Bonaparte in the passage of Mont St. Bernard. Desaix said to him, with a curious presentiment, at Pavia, "The Austrian balls used to know me." I have great fears that now they will not do so any longer." Eugene himself heard the false reports made to the consul of the retreat of the Austrians beyond the Bormida, which led him to send Desaix on the route to Genoa, only to be recalled in time to convert what had been at first a defeat into a victory—that of Marengo. Eugene got named chef d'escadron for his part in this affair, and the troop which he commanded was subsequently increased to a squadron, and definitely to a regiment. An agreeable task was at the same time imposed on the favored youth—that of taking the captured colors to Paris. Madame de Staël fêted the Chasseurs at Geneva, and all Paris applauded their heroism on the Champ de Mars. "Ce fut," he says, "un des plus beaux moments de ma vie."

One evening, Josephine having gone to dress, the first consul said, laughingly, "Well, you don't know that they are going to assassinate me this evening at the Opera." Great was the horror of Eugene and all present at the statement, and steps were immediately taken for the safety of the chief of the state. Eugene says that he went to the Opera about fifty paces in advance of the first consul, preceded by his Chasseurs, so as to lead to the belief that he himself was the individual whose life was sought. There was great devotion in the act. Arenas and Ceracchi were arrested a few moments afterwards, armed with pistols and daggers.

Eugene was made colonel in 1802, and general of brigade in 1804. The only events of interest that occurred in the interval were the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, and the death of the Duc d'Enghein. Eugene says that his mother reproached Bonaparte for his participation in the latter in the strongest possible language. She told him that he had committed a most atrocious action, of which he would never be able to vindicate himself, and that he had yielded to the perfidious advice of his own enemies, who were delighted at being able to tarnish his life with such a horrible feature in it. All she succeeded in obtaining was the unfortunate prince's dog and a few effects for a beloved lady.

The assumption of the imperial purple by Napoleon had, at first, a marked effect upon the young general's position. A severe etiquette was adopted; he was no longer received upon the same terms of intimacy; his place was in a "salon d'attente" at a distance from the apartments. Such a state of things was not, however, likely to last long with a mother in the said "apartments." Eugene was offered the post of grand chamberlain, but preferring a military appointment, he obtained the command-in-chief of the Chasseurs. Not long after this he was dispatched to Italy in command of a brigade of the Imperial Guard, and at Lyons he received by a courier his nomination as a prince of the Empire—or, as he prefers it, of "prince Français."

The letters which belong to this epoch of Prince Eugene's life are very few in number. General Bonaparte addressed his step-son at that time simply as citizen; when he became a prince he wrote "mon cousin;" but in after times, when Eugene became a viceroy, and had married the daughter of the King of Bavaria, he adopted the more affectionate epithet of "mons fils." One of the letters belonging to this epoch is, however, very characteristic:—

"I have seen with pleasure, from your letter, that you entered Suez at the head of the advance guard. March always with the infantry; do not trust the Arabs, and sleep in your tent.

"Write to me by every opportunity that presents itself."

The injunction in respect to sleeping in the tent evidently had its origin in the ravages committed by ophthalmia among the French troops.

The "kingdom of Italy," at first a "Cisal-

pine republic," and then an "Italian republic," was founded in March, 1805. Eugene de Beauharnais, at that epoch only twenty-four years of age, was appointed to the viceroyalty. The Emperor Napoleon, as is attested by his letters, as well as by his proceedings in Italy itself on the occasion of the foundation of a French monarchy in that country, entered into the most minute details in order to ensure success to his step-son in his novel and responsible position. Prince Eugene, indeed, according to his biographer, for his own memoirs cease on his nomination to the viceroyalty, played but a second part in Italy. He contented himself with doing the best he could by not only carrying out, but even anticipating, the wishes of the Emperor. The style of the biographer, it is to be noticed, differs as widely as the poles from the simple, modest, unaffected, and pleasing language of Prince Eugene Beauharnais himself. M. du Casse hastens to treat us to the fustian and bombast which appears to be essential to success in modern historical French literature. Whilst Prince Eugene was carrying out the Emperor's instructions in Italy, the latter himself was, we are told, with his camp at Boulogne, whence "he watched Germany, whither his troops would soon be called; his kingdom of Italy, which he was placing in a state of defence at all points; England, that trembled at his very glance; and lastly, Naples, whose treachery did not escape him." Napoleon was acknowledgedly incessantly preparing for war, yet he affected not to believe in such an eventuality, so that all the odium of aggression might fall upon the enemy. His directions on this point to Prince Eugene are most distinct and imperative. He was to organize all available materials in his arsenals with the utmost secrecy, and hold all in readiness for the army, which was divided into three parties, one of three thousand men in the centre under Marshal Jourdan, another of fifteen thousand men on the coast under General Gouvion Saint-Cyr, and a reserve of ten thousand men in Piedmont. Napoleon's instructions to the viceroy in regard to the press are also amusing enough:—

"La censure (he writes) destroys newspapers; it must be announced that government cannot answer for the foolish things which they may insert, but that the journalists shall be made to answer for them personally. I do not pretend to say that this censorship is

not attended by inconvenience, but there is, also, in the vagueness of the liberty of the press, something that it is as well to profit by; and although it is not my intention to leave to the newspapers the same amount of freedom that is granted to the English papers by the English constitution, still I do not wish it to be regulated as it is at Vienna or at Venice. It is as well that they should be permitted to insert vague articles against such and such a power, so that one can enter into explanations with ambassadors."

The correspondence is indeed throughout highly interesting and instructive in many respects, besides its high political and military importance. Nowhere do the well-known and remarkable attention to details, which redound so much to the credit of Napoleon, come out more conspicuously. One day he sends instructions concerning the organization of the Guard, another as to the "squires or satellites of the police," another as to the manner in which such and such a person is to be received. Nothing escapes his consideration—the lodging of troops, the claims of the municipalities, organization of schools, finances, parishes, palaces, foundries, walks, and boulevards, have each their turn for due consideration. He writes, upon naming a regiment:—

"The dragoons cannot take the name of Josephine; it is fitter that they should be called the Queen's Dragoons; I send you a decree to that effect. It would be ridiculous to give the names of women to military bodies."

Upon the subject of church services:—

"Ascertain if a prayer for the king is ordained at the conclusion of mass in all the churches of the kingdom; have it adapted to very fine music, and let it be constantly chanted."

Again, on the subject of newspaper tactics:—

"You must not discredit the rumors of war in the newspapers, but ridicule them. Have a memorandum drawn up in great detail of all the preparations made by Austria in the state of Venice and elsewhere, put it into the smaller newspapers, and then have it repeated in the official paper."

The letters of the viceroy are naturally of little import or interest compared with those of the Emperor himself, but it is impossible not to feel but that, for a very young man placed in so responsible a situation, and with

so vain, so ambitious, and so exacting a taskmaster to deal with, they are highly creditable to the judgment and discrimination of their author. Napoleon, however, seldom scolded, although he was several times under the necessity of finding fault; even if he did so, he tempered his corrections with an urbanity that somewhat reminds one of that of the lion or the eagle. The editor relies much on the following paragraph to attest the monarch's affection for his adopted son:—"Je vous ai écrit hier pour vous témoigner mon mécontentement; j'imagine que cela ne peut pas autrement vous affecter." "Cette phrase," the editor remarks, "peint l'affection de Napoleon pour le Prince Eugene." Cold and formal enough most will opine it to be! There is another and a better postscript:—"Je ne doute pas de votre attachement à ma personne; soyez toujours certain de mon amour." There is profound egotism even in this small exchange of good feeling.

Napoleon had his troops already on the way to commence hostilities, whilst he was still recommending to Prince Eugene to insist that peace would not be interrupted. "Napoleon's object," says M. du Casse, "was double in acting thus: he left the enemy in a state of security, inflicted on him the odium of aggression, and was enabled to fall right in the centre of his provinces before he had time to concentrate his forces, and before he could be reinforced by Russia." Prince Eugene ably seconded the Emperor's avowed duplicity by manifestoes, in which it was stated that the Empire was peace, and military preparations were an armed neutrality! A lesson in history, one would think, but, alas! history is always written in vain. Whilst Jourdan was also making preparations for a war of defence, Napoleon was actually sending Masséna into Italy to assume the command as one of attack.

Masséna demanded, on his arrival, large sums of money, which the viceroy was ill prepared to contribute, and the people still less prepared to furnish. The consequences of this disagreeable state of things was that Eugene expressed his wish to resign his quasi-sovereignty for a military command, but Napoleon knew his men far too well, and he wrote to Josephine, "As soon as I feel secure in regard to Italy, I will let Eugene fight."

To the viceroy himself Napoleon wrote:

"You must not be terrified at the cries of the Italians. They are never satisfied, but teach them to reflect upon this: What did the Austrians do, what did they do? Be vigorous. Take care," he adds, "that the money does not remain in the treasury of frontier departments; let it all be sent to Milan, and that in the space of five days." He then enters into the subject of pots and pans, and boots and shoes. He is minute in his instructions on the latter point. "In war," he says, "it is always shoes that are wanting." In another letter on the subject of "requisitions" made by Masséna, and which had annoyed the viceroy, he says, "The army must be helped; that is a primary duty in our present position. I cannot repeat to you too frequently—do not be put out by any thing, but provide for all eventualities. Encourage Masséna, encourage the officers; sixty thousand men in Italy is one-third more than I ever had. The boastings of the Austrians cannot deceive old soldiers, that is their habit; the Austrians have not seventy thousand men in Italy, and they are mere refuse, that cannot stand before my troops." Eugene having once more insisted upon "requisitions" in corn, wine, forage, straw, &c., being paid for, Napoleon reiterated: "I can only repeat to you that the army must be assisted; that you must not be surprised at requisitions, nor at violent proceedings; all is right so long as my army wants nothing." The position of Eugene reminds us at such a moment of that of Joseph Bonaparte in Spain. When Joseph became nominally king of the Iberian peninsula, he began to sympathize with his imaginary subjects, whilst Napoleon treated them as a conquered people, and portioned out the kingdom among his less scrupulous marshals.

When Napoleon arrived at Strasbourg, he wrote to Eugene: "Tell the people of Italy that I am in the heart of Germany, (!) and that an iniquitous war has been declared against me by Austria." The viceroy forthwith issued a proclamation, in which he said: "The cabinet of Vienna has resolved to make war against you and against the French people. It dares to say now that war has been provoked by France and by Italy; it will not be easy for it to make you believe so strange a calumny!" So much for the integrity of princes: is it surprising that falsehood should have reigned rampant among people, when

those who ruled over them could set them the example of the most flagrant derelictions in matters of fact? This manifesto, which teems with misrepresentations, is signed "Eugene Napoleon." With five armies to regulate on their advance into a hostile country, Napoleon always found plenty of time to instruct his viceroy: "Have it printed in your gazettes," he again writes from Strasbourg, "that I have joined the army, that it is in full march, and that the Austrians are flying before it; that fear and disorder have succeeded to so much arrogance and presumption. Say that Prussia is marching against Russia at the head of one hundred thousand men." From the camp of Elchingen he writes: "As our movements are very rapid, you must not be surprised if you are some days without receiving any news. It will suffice if you have inserted in your papers that the Emperor has arrived at Stuttgart, that the army has passed the Necker, and has already gained two great victories." He then goes on to explain that this little exaggeration may be permitted, as having had no deserters and no sick was really equal to one victory, and the alliance of the petty German States was equal to another!

On the 18th of October, Napoleon wrote a postscript with his own hand: "I have this moment come back, my dear Eugene. The enemy, whom I hold hemmed in and surrounded in Ulm, has been beaten, defeated yesterday evening on the left bank of the Danube by the army of Ney. Every thing tends to show that the game is up with them." All was now *couleur de rose* in Italy. Masséna had commenced operations on the Adige. Eugene writes: "In an hour's time the guns will be fired in Milan to announce the victory of the grand army. Your Italian subjects will bless you, sire, and I shall be truly delighted in witnessing their transports." The next day the viceroy wrote: "We have been obliged to send a guard to the printing-office. The door was broken open ten times, and the first copies of the bulletin sold at two sequins." As to "requisitions," it was now no longer a question of any thing of the kind.

"Sire," writes the viceroy on the 26th of October—the wants of the French army had become very urgent—"let your majesty be tranquil; I have provided for all.

"Your majesty will read the long letter

that I have addressed to you with the certainty that the army of Italy will want for nothing, and that the people of Italy, no doubt much vexed by the requisitions, have given what they could, and have not uttered a complaint."

The only drawback to all this triumphant happiness was the number of spies and the increasing number of traitors to the French cause. Some of Prince Eugene's letters on the subject of the first, describing them as mingling in the ranks of the French and in French uniforms, are very amusing, and they become still more so when he intimates that these strange persons, on the eve of being detected, have made off probably to the Emperor's camp! On the 25th of October, Prince Eugene writes: "Yes, sire, I must inform Your Majesty that I have terrible notes against Marshal X., General L., General C., and General S. It is my duty to see into the matter, and I will do so."

The Passage of the Adige by the army of Masséna soon gave further ample subject-matter for correspondence to the viceroy. One of his first regrets, strange enough, is, that if the French army should all pass to the other side of the Adige, he will be grieved for the advances made; "but what," he adds, "could I do less with so many demands for money, and wants that were only known at so late an hour?" Prince Eugene, young as he was, appears to have been sensible of the importance to be attached to fluctuations in the funds. "A particularity," he says, in writing to Napoleon on the breaking out of hostilities, "which I must bring under Your Majesty's notice is, that the funds have lowered in London in the most surprising manner. The pound sterling, which was worth twenty sous more than the louis of France, is only worth now two francs less, which makes a difference of three francs in the pound sterling."

In a letter dated November 27th, 1805, Prince Eugene announces the arrival of an Anglo-Russian fleet at Naples, and the disembarkation of some thirty-two thousand men, with artillery and equipages. He at the same time begged earnestly to be allowed to assume the command of the army of Bologna, which would oppose itself to the advance of the allies. Napoleon wrote in answer from Schönbrunn (December 13th): "You alone command in all my kingdom of Italy and in

the States of Venice." M. du Casse appeals to this energetic statement as opposed to the military tutelage of Jourdan, as advocated by Thiers. But the phrase is, in fact, mere empty declamation, written to gratify the young prince at a moment of great emergency. Napoleon really left the Viceroy of Italy no more control over his marshals than he did the King of Spain. It is certain, however, that in this instance the Emperor corroborated the delegation of full powers by another letter dated December 14th, and yet in one on the 27th he only intimates that the prince is in a position of perfect independence of Marshal Masséna—of whom he had more than once complained—not that he had any power or control over the marshal! By the same date Napoleon announced that peace had been signed at Presburg, and that for the future Venice and its States formed part of the kingdom of Italy.

At the termination of the war Prince Eugene left Bologna for Padua, and having arrived there, he issued an order of the day announcing his appointment as commander-in-chief of all the troops in the kingdom of Italy. He next proceeded to their distribution, the details of which were somewhat complicated by insurrections at Crespino and in the Parmesan. While the viceroy was thus engaged, Napoleon was busy making even his domestic happiness and that of another young person subservient to his policy. The treaty of Presburg had converted the electorates of Bavaria and Wurtemberg into royalties. Napoleon wished to unite the political interests of Bavaria, which had at that time acquired the Tyrol, by an intimate union. This he proposed to effect by wedding the Princess Augusta of Bavaria to Prince Eugene. Unfortunately the young lady was engaged to her cousin, Prince Charles of Baden, but it does not appear that the obstacle proved to be a very formidable one. King Maximilian undertook to ask his daughter to renounce Prince Charles for the adopted son of Napoleon, and in doing so he dwelt upon the desirability of the alliance in a political point of view, argued that to refuse would make an enemy of Napoleon, that her marriage with Charles was never likely to come off, and that if she did not accept Prince Eugene, the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Austria would! It is possible that the last argument was conclusive, for the Princess Augusta re-

plied at once, and in a somewhat business-like manner:—

"My very dear and tender father, you ask me to break the word which I have given to Prince Charles of Baden; I consent to do so, however much it may cost me, if the repose of a beloved father and the happiness of a people depend upon it; but I cannot give my hand to Prince Eugene if peace is not declared, and if he is not recognized as King of Italy."

Prince Eugene was himself utterly ignorant of the arrangements that were going on. He first heard of his projected marriage on the 3d of January, 1806, by the following brief epistle from the Emperor, dated Munich, December 31, 1805:—

"Mon cousin, I have arrived at Munich. I have arranged your marriage with Princess Augusta; it has been publicly announced. This morning the princess paid me a visit; I conversed with her for a long time. She is very pretty. I send you her portrait on a cup, but it does not do justice to her. I shall receive to-morrow the deputation, which is still at Munich."

In a second letter, dated January 3, 1806, the Emperor instructed the prince to repair forthwith to Munich. This is the last letter in which he designates him as "mon cousin;" ever afterwards he wrote to him as "mon fils." Prince Eugene received these interesting intimations with resignation, if not with joy. He had been well tutored.

"Sire," he wrote, in answer, "I hasten to announce to Your Majesty that I have this moment received your letter, which informs me that I shall soon have the happiness of seeing you. It is eight o'clock in the morning, and I will start this evening at eight. I hope, by Friday at the latest, to be able to assure Your Majesty how grateful I am to you for your many kindnesses."

The prince experienced much comfort in the fact that his mother was at Munich, where she had lately joined the Emperor, and he was not long before he had placed the snow-clad Tyrolean Alps between himself and sunny Italy. Arrived at Munich, the impatient Emperor hurried him into his cabinet, where the first thing it is on record that he did, was to make him shave off his moustaches, being apprehensive that his too martial aspect might terrify the princess.

The marriage was celebrated on the 14th

of January, and two days afterwards Napoleon adopted the prince, giving to him the name of Eugene Napoleon de France, and the heir presumptive to the crown of Italy was to be designated as Prince of Venice. The attention paid by Napoleon to details, manifests itself in at once an amusing and an affectionate manner, in the letter which he wrote to the princess after her departure for Italy. "Believe me, Augusta," he says, "I love you as a father." He recommends her to take care of herself, to beware of change of climate, to read and study much; he would send a library, he said, and the Empress would send the fashions. At a little later period, he wrote from St. Cloud: "Take care of yourself in the condition you now are, and do your best not to give us a girl. I will tell the recipe for that; perhaps you won't believe it: it is to drink, every day, a little pure wine."

The young couple had, in the mean time, enjoyed a triumphal progress through their Italian states. Passing by Verona, they went to Venice, which had been ceded on the 19th of January, and where they were well received by the inhabitants, weary of the yoke of Austria, and hoping better things from that of the French. The circumstances, too, under which the prince and princess came among them, were well calculated to arouse the feelings of any far less enthusiastic people. At Milan their reception was, if possible, still more grateful; the viceroy was decidedly popular there, and his return to the seat of his government, with a young and beautiful princess for a wife, was an incident that could not be contemplated without emotion.

It was not in Napoleon to allow his adopted son to enjoy all these pleasures for any length of time. By the 19th of January he was once more in Germany, superintending the occupation of Dalmatia and Istria, and the determination of the boundaries of Bavaria and Italy. To show the state of the Continent under such a man, we take an extract from a letter, dated Strasbourg, January 23:—

"I met yesterday at Rastadt twelve hundred men, conscripts of the general dépôt at Strasbourg, who are not attached to any corps: I have sent them to Italy, by Innspruck; they are quite naked, except such as are dressed as peasants. Have two thousand coats ready for them at Verona, as also trousers and shoes for them on their arrival, and

distribute them among the regiments that are in Istria and in Dalmatia." "See," he adds afterwards, "that the conscripts of the same department are together."

Napoleon and Eugene do not appear to have always formed the same opinion of a person's character. "M. Dandolo," writes the prince, in one of his letters, "appears to me to be an obstinate fellow and an intriguer. I shall put no confidence in him." "Dandolo," replies the Emperor, "is a clever man, honest, and energetic; there can be no impropriety in employing him at Venice." The Duke of Ragusa confirms Prince Eugene's opinions in his Memoirs. Is it possible that he was a spy in the Emperor's service? Over and over again the Emperor insists upon every care being taken to intercept any letters that the Queen of Naples might attempt to send through the north of Italy, as well as all correspondence on the part of the English. He also, at or about the same time, began to grumble at the expenses of the vicerealty, and intimated that he has appointed Berthier to see to these matters. He also inquires as to what amount of esteem he bears to his wife. To this the prince replied: "I am happy, sire, in the companion whom your paternal kindness gave to me: she is mild, amiable, and good; she is especially grateful for the kindnesses which she has experienced at your hands, and will make her happiness consist in rendering herself worthy of them."

Eugene must have had a deal to put up with to satisfy so imperious and so impatient a master. It was as dangerous sometimes to anticipate his wishes as it was not to carry them out. When the viceroy issued edicts annexing Venice to the kingdom of Italy, and prohibiting English merchandise, Napoleon found fault with both, although both were his own pet projects. He, however, always insisted that his projects should be carried out by himself or in his own name. Again he would write: "You do not execute the orders I send you, and you think you can fulfil them by others. That is not my method." "Each of my orders must be carried out precisely. Send me every day 'l'état de la situation,' independently of that which the staff sends to the war-office." "I have sent a councillor of state to administer the finances, and a receiver." "Do not forget that I am much in want of money—that I must increase my army still further, and I must organize my

navy." "I remark that you spend a great deal too much money in Italy." "Do not trouble yourself about your house, I have put an embargo on it." "See that my 'magasins de Naples' are not wasted; I shall have a most minute account rendered to me when I get to Italy. That may be any day, and I shall soon be there, for I shall travel incognito in a post-chaise, with only an aide-de-camp and a valet de chambre." "Spare my muskets." "You do not think how much I am in want of money." "Do not go to sleep." And so on, the same burden over and over again. All was right that did not anticipate the imperial intentions, awaken the imperial jealousies and sensibilities, or entail expenditure. But to issue a decree for drying up the marshes of Capo d'Istria, or lowering the tax on wine, however beneficial to the Italians, was "très mal" indeed in the eyes of the conqueror.

An incident occurred in the spring of 1806 which brought out the kindly character of the young prince in strong relief. Marmont, who in his Memoirs as Duke of Ragusa has spoken most disparagingly of the viceroy, and Masséna were both concerned in certain speculations in connection with the quicksilver mines of Idria. Prince Eugene did every thing in his power to arrange this matter with the Emperor, whose ears it had reached, and that in such a manner as should not involve the reputation of the two marshals of France. His letters testify amply and distinctly to his exertions and to the sacrifice he was ready to make in order to bring about such a result. Marmont's return, in attempting to detract from the merits of the young viceroy, is therefore unworthy of a distinguished and grateful soldier of fortune. M. du Casse makes an amusing parallel between the two—Prince Eugene and the Duke of Ragusa:—

"Here are two men, who, brought up in camps, have both been in command of large armies. The first has almost always beaten the enemy; the second has always been beaten. On which side are the military talents?"

"Every man of good sense will feel himself obliged to answer: The talents are on the side of the former. The Duke of Ragusa, however, arrives at a conclusion of quite an opposite character, for he grants to himself, every where beaten, much merit as a commander, and he at the same time would persuade us that Prince Eugene, always a conqueror, except on one occasion only, had only a very

mediocre military capacity. It remains to be seen if posterity will ratify the conclusions arrived at by Marmont."

Posterity may, perchance, also inquire if Marmont and Eugene were not for the most part opposed to an enemy of a very different calibre. In a letter of Prince Eugene's, dated March 27, 1806, the prince announced the arrest at Venice of an Englishman named Graham, upon whom nothing compromising was found; but it was sufficient that all the English residing at Venice should be expelled and made to live under surveillance on the mainland. Napoleon, in answer, by date April 4, says: "I see by your letter of the 27th that you have had the Englishman Graham arrested at Venice. Send him to Valenciennes, as well as all the English whom you have in your kingdom."

A favorite idea with Prince Eugene—and a very natural one for a young man with however little poetical temperament—was to restore to Venice some of its wonted splendor. One of the means by which he proposed to himself to bring about such a state of things, was the rehabilitation of its maritime prestige. He even contemplated seeing ships sail forth from its lagoons which were to sweep the English cruisers from the Adriatic!

"The last news [Prince Eugene writes to Napoleon on the 12th of April, 1806] from Quarnaro announced that the enemy's cruisers consisted only of one English frigate and a Russian frigate and brig. If Your Majesty would sanction it, we could send out our two frigates, the corvette, two brigs, and a few gun-boats. I have great hopes of such an unexpected sortie; the crews and officers are well disposed. Adding a few soldiers on board would, no doubt, excite a useful emulation. It would be delightful that your Italian navy, as yet in its infancy, should get itself favorably spoken of.

"I have considered the object one of sufficient importance to await your orders upon it."

Napoleon, however, at once discountenanced the project:—

"I do not approve [he wrote on the 20th of April] of the sailing of the Italian navy. What would you have two frigates, a corvette, and two brigs do against two frigates and a brig? The forces are unequal. If there were none but Russians one might attempt to sail out, but all engagements must be avoided. If the enemy ventured to come before Venice with one frigate, I authorize you, in such a

case, to send forth all my flotilla. But till that occurs let all the vessels remain at anchor, ready to go, but never going. I do not intend that they should engage with the English; their defeat would be certain; and they serve me as much as they can serve me by preventing Venice being blocked by one or two frigates. Light vessels and gun-boats are all that are wanted in the archipelago; frigates that have no sailing qualities, like the Venetian frigates, inspire me with no confidence."

The war in Dalmatia and Venetian Albania mainly engaged the attention of the viceroy during the summer of 1806, as it became also one of the chief items of correspondence with the Emperor. If there is one thing, the editor justly remarks, that is more characteristic of Napoleon's correspondence than another, whether with Prince Eugene or any other of his princes or marshals, it is his incessant solicitude regarding his troops, and his oft-reiterated insistence upon what he terms the "état de la situation." If he could he would have had the latter reported to him every hour. It is lucky for those honored with great and responsible commands under Napoleon, that the electric telegraph did not exist in their time; they would have had to occupy a study attached to the telegraphic office.

The formal union of the Venetian provinces with the kingdom of Italy gave the viceroy also much occupation in fortifying two new strongholds, Palmanova and Osopo. Mantua, Peschiera, and the passes of the Tyrol were also much strengthened. The conquest of Naples by Prince Joseph and Masséna had placed that portion of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the hands of the French, but the Pope still held out, and Napoleon sent instructions to Prince Eugene to dispatch two divisions, the one under General Lemarois to occupy Ancona, the other under General Duhesme to take possession of Civita Vecchia.

"MON FILS [Napoleon wrote by date of June 21st].—I send you a letter from General Duhesme; the arrival of your aide-de-camp will relieve him from embarrassment. He must take possession of Ostia; that is of the utmost importance, so as to prevent any English merchandise going up the Tiber. Issue orders that all English merchandise shall be confiscated at Ancona and Civita Vecchia. That part of the coast which lies between Civita Vecchia and Gaëta must be much more

carefully watched than that which lies between Civita Vecchia and Orbitello.

"I have already told you that Generals Lemarois and Duhesme must make the Pope and the revenues of the country provide for the troops.

"Issue orders also that English agents and the old Neapolitan agents shall be arrested everywhere."

In the midst of wars and rumors of wars, there was little time to think of domestic matters. The Princess Augusta's situation as the wife of a viceroy—the instrument of a potentate of such prodigious activity as Napoleon—was not a very enviable one. Even Napoleon's conscience awakened sometimes, but rarely, to a sense of the oppression that weighed so heavily on the young couple.

"MON FILS [he wrote on the 14th of April].—You work too much; your life is too monotonous. It is no doubt good for you, because work must be a recreation to you; but you have a young wife, 'qui est grosse;' I think you ought to make such arrangements as to spend the evenings with her, and make for yourselves a 'petite société.' Why don't you go to the theatre once a week, 'en grande loge?' I think you ought, also, to have a little hunting equipage, so that you could hunt at least once a week; I will willingly allow a sum in the budget for that object. There must be more gaiety in your house; it is essential for the happiness of your wife and for your own health. A great deal of business may be done in a little time. I lead the same life that you lead, but I have an old woman who does not want me to amuse her [not very complimentary to the mother of Eugene], and I have also more business; and yet it is but fair to say that I take more diversion and dissipation than you do; a young woman wants to be amused, especially in the situation in which she is. You used to like amusements once; come back to your old tastes; what you would not do for yourself it is proper that you should do for the princess.

"I have just been establishing myself at St. Cloud; Stéphanie and the Prince of Baden like one another pretty well.* I have passed the last two days at Marshal Bessières'; we played like boys of fifteen. You was in the habit of getting up early; you must resume that habit; it will not inconvenience the princess if you go to bed with her at eleven; and if you finish your work at six in the evening it will leave you ten hours for work by getting up at seven or eight o'clock. The affair of

* The Prince of Baden here mentioned was the affianced of Prince Eugene's wife. Napoleon married her to Stéphanie Beauharnais, sister to Prince Eugene.

Cattaro retards the fêtes of the month of May, but I do not think it will be for more than a month; I hope then that you and the princess will come to Paris. I have had the Pavillon de Flore prepared for you; the Prince of Baden has the second story, you shall have the first. Tell the princess how happy all will be to see her in Paris; her condition will then have assumed consistency, and will not prevent her travelling by short journeys in the fine season; that can only do her good."

But still the fêtes kept being put off, and on the 17th of June Napoleon wrote to Princess Augusta herself: "I have received your letter of the 9th of June; I learn with pleasure that you are content and happy. I hope we shall have you here in a short space of time for the fêtes. 'Je me fais une fête de vous voir.'"

The Emperor, to whom the time that his viceroy went to bed with his wife and got up in the morning were not matters of indifference, would also write about the princess' attendants.

"Mon fils, I think that la vice-reine cares very little about having a great number of her ladies with her. She has her little court, which she brought with her from Munich. When the turn of one of these ladies comes, notice to that effect must be given to her; but when her affairs or her health prevent her returning, her place must be supplied by others." And then in his own handwriting: "That is the way that we manage things here."

In another letter he wrote: "Mon fils, let the five ladies know that it is my intention that they shall not wear any Austrian order." "The Empress ought to know that no order can be given in my States without my permission."

During the month of August, Prince Eugene had a curious correspondence with Napoleon on the subject of farming the theatres and gambling-houses. The prince was indignant at its being supposed that he could enter into such negotiations. Napoleon replied very quickly that he was in the wrong not to mix himself up with affairs of the kind. In fact, they added considerably to the revenue and the Emperor was in want of money.

The war that broke out with Prussia did not interfere much with the Emperor's correspondence with the viceroy, and he even found time to write occasionally to the Prin-

cess Augusta. On the 6th of January, 1807, he wrote from Warsaw :—

"MA FILLE,—I have received your letter. Your anxiety in regard to the household of the little prince makes me laugh. Be kind enough to give yourself no anxiety upon that matter. Out of love for you I have given orders that the whole house of Strelitz shall be looked to. Your grandmother is quite quiet and happy there. Yet your aunt, the Queen of Prussia, has behaved very ill; but then, again, she is now so sorry for it, that it is really better to say nothing about it. Let me know soon that you have 'un gros garçon;' but if you give us a girl, let her be as amiable and as good as you are."

It was not long before the princess gave birth to a daughter. Josephine-Maximilienne-Eugenie was born the 14th of March, 1807. She married, in 1824, Prince Oscar, of Sweden, and is now queen of that country. The princess was called Josephine by Napoleon's own request. He wrote from Osterode on the 27th of March :—

"MON FILS,—I congratulate you on the accouchement of the princess. I am very impatient to learn that she is well and out of all danger. I hope your daughter will be as amiable and as good as her mother. It only remains for you to so manage matters as to have a son next year. What you have done to legalize the birth of the child was quite right. The keeper of the seals must send the act to Paris, to have it inscribed in the registers of my family. Have it addressed to M. Cambacères, whom I have informed as to what I wish. [Then in his own handwriting:] Let your daughter be named Josephine."

Again, on another or the same occasion (there seems to be some error in the arrangement of the correspondence; both letters bear the same date and direction, yet they occur far apart in the third volume of these voluminous records), he wrote :—

"MON FILS,—I have received your letter of the 17th, in which you tell me that the princess is going on well, with great pleasure. Do not be in a hurry about the baptism. Let me know how you have arranged that, and who are to be the godfather and godmother. You do not require to have any notification made; I have had it done by the Chancellerie of Paris. [Then in his own handwriting:] Is Augusta grieved at not having had a boy? Tell her that when one begins with a girl it is a sign that at least twelve will follow."

A misunderstanding had long existed between Napoleon and the Pope. He had be-

fore intimated in his letters to Prince Eugene that the time would come to settle these differences, for he always entertained a great dislike to what he called "tracasseries de prêtres," and sometimes "de nigauds." The peace of Tilsit at length afforded the long-desired opportunity of chastising Leghorn for trading with the English, and humbling the Pope for his ecclesiastical obduracy. Prince Eugene was, happily, upon good terms with the pontiff, and the Emperor resolved to make his first advances towards conciliation through his viceroy. The letter of Prince Eugene has been published by General Vaudoncourt, who gives it as his own, whereas there is no doubt, M. du Casse remarks, that it emanated from Napoleon. We find in it indeed a sentence :—"Does the Pope intend, then, that I shall have no bishops in Italy? Well, be it so. If that is serving the interests of religion, what will those have to do who wish to destroy it?" which occurs in a letter of the Emperor's to Prince Eugene, dated 12th of April, 1807. (Compare vol. iii. p. 301 and p. 346.)

We have not space to extract all the other portion of this remarkable correspondence, as discovered among Prince Eugene's papers, and transmitted to the prince by the Emperor, to be forwarded to the Pope as his (Prince Eugene's) own writing. But the tone of these singular recriminations between the Pope and Emperor may be judged of by a few excerpts,

"All the discussions that are raised by the court of Rome have for object to annoy a great sovereign, who, penetrated with religious sentiments, feels the immense services that he has rendered to religion in France, in Italy, in Germany, in Poland, and in Saxony. He knows that the world looks upon him as the column of the Christian faith, and the enemies of religion as a prince who has restored to the Catholic religion in Europe the supremacy which it had lost. If the Pope would not cede (the prince added), his pontificate will have been more fatal to the court of Rome than when Germany, the North, and England separated from her!"

Napoleon not only dictated to Prince Eugene what he was to write, but he also instructed the prince to forward passages as extracts of his own (Napoleon's) letter to Prince Eugene. These were still more pungent :—

"MON FILS,—I have seen in the letter of His Holiness (which, most certainly, he did not write himself) that he threatens me. Does he think, then, that the rights of a throne are less sacred in the eyes of God than those of the tiara? There were kings before there were popes. They intend, they say, to publish all the mischief that I do to religion. The fools! Do they not know that there is not a corner of the world, in Germany, in Italy, in Poland, where I have not rendered more good service to the cause of religion than the Pope has done mischief; not from bad motives, but from the angry counsels of a few dotards who surround him. They wish to denounce me to Christianity. Such a ridiculous idea can only emanate from a profound ignorance of the age in which we live: there is an error of a thousand years. The pope who should allow himself to take such a step would cease to be a pope in my eyes. I should only view him as the anti-christ sent to upset the world and do mischief among men, and I shall thank God for his powerlessness. If it was thus, I should separate my people from all communication with Rome, and I should establish a police. She would reply to me that the scenes that have taken place would not be renewed—such as those mysterious prayers and subterranean meetings got up to alarm timid people. The court of Rome preaches rebellion for now two long years; she has preached it at Lucca; she has preached it in Italy. It is now a long time since I suffer for all the good that I have done. I suffer from the Pope that is, and whom I shall cease to recognize the day that I shall be convinced that the annoyances come from him. I would not suffer as much from any other pope.

"What does Pius VII. propose to himself to do by denouncing me to Christianity? Excommunicate my thrones! excommunicate myself! Does he think that the arms will fall from my soldiers' hands? To place the dagger in the hands of my people that they may cut my throat? This infamous doctrine, entertained by mad popes born to misfortune, has been preached by men. It will only remain for the holy father to have my hair, cropped and shut me up in a monastery. Does he fancy that our times have come back to the ignorance and brutality of the eighth century? Does he take me for Louis-le-Débonnaire? There is so much extravagance in this, that I can do nothing but moan over the kind of vertigo that has seized upon two or three cardinals who influence affairs at Rome. The Pope that is gave himself the trouble to come to my coronation at Paris. I recognized the act of a holy prelate in that proceeding, but he wished me to cede the legations; I could not, and would not do so

The Pope that is, is too powerful. Priests are not made to govern. Let them imitate Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and the Holy Apostles, who surely are worth the Juleses, the Bonifaces, the Gregorys, the Léons. Jesus Christ has said that his kingdom was not of this world. Why will not the Pope give to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's? Is he more than Jesus Christ on earth? But what have the prerogatives of the court of Rome in common with the interests of religion. Is religion founded upon anarchy, on civil war, on disobedience? Is that preaching the morality of Jesus Christ? The Pope threatens to appeal to the people—he will then appeal to my subjects—what will they say? They will say, like myself, that they wish for religion, but that they will not suffer aught from a foreign power; that we will submit ourselves to a divine mission, to the inspiration of a holy anchorite, but never to the decisions of a vicar of God, sovereign on earth, when, under the pretence of religious fervor, he is, in reality, only animated by those passions which are attached to human ambition. A simple anchorite, he would work solely for God, and would not be led away by the demon of discord and terrestrial vanity.

"What! are they so blind at Rome as not to see that religion has been re-established in Italy only by myself, and that I endowed the ministry, although the measure was opposed to the legislation of the country? This is not the first time that religion is the last interest that occupies the court of Rome. Has it not, in the face of my entreaties for the last six years, left the Church in Germany to perish, given it up to the most frightful anarchy? Does it wish me to do the same thing in Italy? Why does not the Pope, if he deems his advice to be useful to me, come himself to Milan, or why does he not send there some one with full powers? He has sent no one. I have employed the united wisdom of the bishops of my kingdom of Italy, the cardinal legate, Archbishop of Milan, of the Archbishops of Ravenna and of Bologna. The principal theologians have been consulted, and all have been satisfied. All the court of Rome wishes for is disorder in the Church, and not the welfare of religion.

"Truly do I blush and feel humiliated for all the follies that the court of Rome entails upon me. The time is probably not far distant when, if they will persist in introducing disorder into my states, I shall only recognize the Pope as Bishop of Rome, as the equal and of the same rank as the bishops of my States. I shall not be afraid of uniting the Gallican, Italian, German and Polish Churches in a council to carry on my business without a pope, and place my people beyond the pretensions of the priests of Rome.

"Why, indeed, should France, all Germany, and the finest portion of Italy be subjected to the decisions of a consistory, where no French cardinals have a seat, and which is solely swayed by a few cardinals of the States of Rome? The ancient Romans used to conquer the world by arms. The popes took advantage of the ignorance of the people of Gaul, of Spain, and of the North, and Rome continues to hold the sceptre of the censor; but even in those times there was some talent, some policy, some mind, but now-a-days there is naught but idleness, ignorance, and giddiness. In two words, this is the last time that I will enter into discussion with this Romish *prêtreaille*. It can be despised and ignored, and the way of salvation and the true spirit of religion be equally present; and, in fact, that which can procure salvation in one country can surely do so in another.

"The rights of the tiara are no other than to pray and to be humble. Insolence and pride do not constitute a portion either of its prerogatives or of its means. As to the investiture to be given to the bishops, it can only be according to the convention. Accordingly as that convention is executed shall I recognize Rome; for I cannot recognize a foreign power before I have determined what are to be my relations with her. I hold my crown from God and the good-will of my people; I am only responsible for it to God and to my people. I shall always be Charlemagne to the court of Rome, and never Louis-le-Débonnaire.

"Firstly, I will not recognize the decisions of the consistory except it is composed of a number of French, Spanish, German, and Italian cardinals in proportion to the people. It would be absurd that an obscure sub-deacon of Rome shall come and dictate laws in the bosom of my States.

"Secondly, I will not make a second convention for Venice, no more than for Piedmont or the duchy of Parma. My relations with Rome are regulated in France and in all the States united to the French Empire by the convention of France, and they shall, in the kingdom of Italy and in all the states that are united to it, be similarly regulated by the convention of Italy.

"Thirdly, I will never permit my bishops to go to Rome to submit themselves to a foreign sovereign; let the Pope cease to be a sovereign, and I will consent to hold communications with him. As sovereign prince, he has his limits with me. I shall not betray the interests of my crown and of my people by rendering my subjects tributary. Jesus Christ has not instituted a pilgrimage to Rome as Mahomet did to Mecca. The bishops of France, Spain, and Germany do

not go to Rome. Nor shall I permit that the bishops of Italy shall go there, the more especially as the city in question is full of my enemies, and is animated by the spirit of discord.

"Lastly, if the popes fancy that they will obtain temporal aggrandizement by these quarrels, they are mistaken. I will not give them the legations as the price of reconciliation. As to the temporal affairs of the sovereigns of Rome, the Pope is responsible for the sufferings of his subjects; his want of consideration, the unconciliatory spirit of his counsels, are the cause of such a state of things. If the court of Rome had sent to Paris full powers with M. Portalis, all convenient arrangements would have been made in a clear and distinct manner; I have never asked any thing but an arrangement.

"If it will not come to any such arrangement, it must not name any bishops. My people can live without bishops, my churches without direction, until the sacred interests of religion, which my people will not cease to uphold, and which the Pope cannot take from them, shall oblige me to adopt such a course as is imposed upon me by the consideration of their well-being and the grandeur of my crown."

If this letter had emanated from any one but the Emperor of France, it would be looked upon as the scurrilous effusion of an arch-enemy to the Church of Rome. It is not so, however; it is a most important and a very precious imperial document brought to light from the manuscript treasures of history that still lie dispersed among the governments of Europe. It will be seen from it how near Napoleon was on the verge of throwing off the yoke of Rome. One almost regrets that the haughty obstinacy of the Pope did not drive him to carry out that which was manifestly, as far as he was personally concerned, a favorite idea. Napoleon despised the trickery of the *prêtreaille*, as he contemptuously designated the priesthood of Rome. The Pope, he said, mistook the time he lived in by a thousand years; one step more, and we should have had France placed another thousand years in advance of what it now is and what might not have been the effort upon the rest of Europe? How refreshing, how ennobling it is, at a time of such religious prostration as we now live in, when a cardinal enjoys the property of the Beauharnais, when the empire of the Hapsburg Hohenzollern Brandenburs is ruled by a Romish convention, and when the bishops of a kingdom

united to the empire of the house of Brunswick are permitted to carry their allegiance to the feet of a foreign potentate, who at the same time assumes to himself the privilege of appointing Roman prelates to rule the land, and to proclaim, by overt acts of mission, their flagrant disloyalty, to see that the great Napoleon should insist that even his Italian bishops should not pay allegiance to the court of Rome, and that the Pope should not arrogate to himself the power of nominating bishops of the French.

The third volume to this remarkable contribution to the literary and historical treas-

ures of the Empire concludes with the rupture of the Emperor and the Pope, and the commencement of hostilities. The editor promises that in future volumes he will omit some of the many letters which only refer to the organization of the army of Italy. It is to be hoped that he will abide by his promise, for however important such documents may be to the military history of France and Italy, they possess little interest for the general reader, nor do they assist in any way in throwing light upon the motives and principles that guided events in those stirring times.

SIR JOHN COLERIDGE'S REMINISCENCES.—

Sir John Coleridge delivered a lecture to the Ottery Literary Society one evening last week, on "Circuit Reminiscences," and riveted the attention of his audience for the hour occupied in the delivery of this lecture. He commenced with his experience as a barrister, and, amongst other traits of the long-robed gentlemen, he mentioned that in his time they were very particular in their choice of wine, and had their own cellars in different districts. Next he narrated his experience as Recorder of Exeter, and he recollected the first case of cholera which occurred in these parts. The patient was taken ill in a rural town, and was sent in a cart to Exeter for medical attendance. He died, it was said, owing to the removal, and certain persons were charged with causing his death. Many of the "faculty" were sworn, but none would say that the man would not have died if he had not been removed, and the accused persons were acquitted. He next spoke of his experience as a judge. He had once tried a young man for murder. The murdered man was found dead, and his watch was stolen, but not his purse. The crime was traced home to the young man in an extraordinary way. It appeared that he had met the murdered person, who showed his watch to the young man, and the latter was seized with a passion to possess it. He followed the owner, murdered him with an instrument used to bleed calves with, and took the watch, which he hid in a pit. After nine months had elapsed he dug up the watch, which proved defective, and took it to a man to repair it. He then exchanged it for another, and the dead man's watch passed away into another person's hands to be repaired. This person identified the watch, and remembered that it had belonged to the murdered man, and by this means the crime was brought home to the murderer, who suffered condign punishment. Sir John also stated some incidents connected with the trial of the Chartists, and remarked how well some of them defended

themselves, showing that they had been less students of Tom Paine than Algernon Sydney. With regard to civil suits, he mentioned one connected with Devonshire which was of considerable interest. An attorney, not in very flourishing circumstances, had made an offer of matrimony to a young lady, whose friends, however, objected to the suit, and he withdrew. Disappointed in love, he removed to Liverpool, under an assumed name, became a coach proprietor, married, had children, and died. In the mean time he became heir-at-law to a large property in Devon, but as he had changed his name he could not be traced, and his property devolved on his two sisters, who enjoyed it many years. By that time the deceased man's children found an old document in an ancient piece of furniture, which led them to believe that their father's name was assumed; they found his right name in his own handwriting, it was also attested by persons who had letters written by him in his early days, and the result of a law-suit was, that the attorney's children succeeded to the disputed property.

WE have an account from *The Photographic News* of a falling head being photographed. The occasion was that of the execution of six Arabs for a cold-blooded murder.

The criminals were not brought on the scaffold, but led up one at a time. The first was the Sheikh, who seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. So rapidly was he bound to the plank and thrust under the axe, that I had barely time to insert the plate-holder, and get the instantaneous movement in order, before the sharp edge descended, and his head rolled into the basket. This picture was quite successful, and so was the second; but the third was dim, the fourth was nearly, and the fifth and sixth were wholly, invisible. How to account for this I know not, unless the atmosphere around the scaffold became in some way affected by the blood, the odor of which was distinctly perceptible to me.

From the Christmas number of *Household Words*.

THE MANCHESTER MARRIAGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw came from Manchester to London and took the House To Let. He had been, what is called in Lancashire, a salesman for a large manufacturing firm, who were extending their business, and opening a warehouse in London; where Mr. Openshaw was now to superintend the business. He rather enjoyed the change of residence; having a kind of curiosity about London, which he had never yet been able to gratify in his brief visits to the metropolis. At the same time he had an odd, shrewd, contempt for the inhabitants; whom he had always pictured to himself as fine, lazy people; caring nothing but for fashion and aristocracy, and lounging away their days in Bond Street, and such places; ruining good English, and ready in their turn to despise him as a provincial. The hours that the men of business kept in the city scandalized him too; accustomed as he was to the early dinners of Manchester folk, and the consequently far longer evenings. Still, he was pleased to go to London; though he would not for the world have confessed it, even to himself, and always spoke of the step to his friends as one demanded of him by the interests of his employers, and sweetened to him by a considerable increase of salary. His salary indeed was so liberal that he might have been justified in taking a much larger house than this one, had he not thought himself bound to set an example to Londoners of how little a Manchester man of business cared for show. Inside, however, he furnished the house with an unusual degree of comfort, and, in the winter time, he insisted on keeping up as large fires as the grates would allow, in every room where the temperature was in the least chilly. Moreover, his northern sense of hospitality was such, that, if he were at home, he could hardly suffer a visitor to leave the house without forcing meat and drink upon him. Every servant in the house was well warmed, well fed, and kindly treated; for their master scorned all petty saving in aught that conducted to comfort; while he amused himself by following out all his accustomed habits and individual ways in defiance of what any of his new neighbors might think.

His wife was a pretty, gentle woman, of suitable age and character. He was forty-two, she thirty-five. He was loud and decided;

she soft and yielding. They had two children; or rather, I should say, she had two; for the elder, a girl of eleven, was Mrs. Openshaw's child by Frank Wilson her first husband. The younger was a little boy, Edwin, who could just prattle, and to whom his father delighted to speak in the broadest and most unintelligible Lancashire dialect, in order to keep up what he called the true Saxon accent.

Mrs. Openshaw's Christian-name was Alice, and her first husband had been her own cousin. She was the orphan niece of a sea-captain in Liverpool: a quiet, grave little creature, of great personal attraction when she was fifteen or sixteen, with regular features and a blooming complexion. But she was very shy, and believed herself to be very stupid and awkward; and was frequently scolded by her aunt, her own uncle's second wife. So when her cousin, Frank Wilson, came home from a long absence at sea, and first was kind and protective to her; secondly, attentive; and thirdly, desperately in love with her, she hardly knew how to be grateful enough to him. It is true she would have preferred his remaining in the first or second stages of behavior; for his violent love puzzled and frightened her. Her uncle neither helped nor hindered the love affair; though it was going on under his own eyes. Frank's step-mother had such a variable temper, that there was no knowing whether what she liked one day she would like the next, or not. At length she went to such extremes of crossness, that Alice was only too glad to shut her eyes and rush blindly at the chance of escape from domestic tyranny offered her by a marriage with her cousin; and, liking him better than any one in the world except her uncle (who was at this time at sea) she went off one morning and was married to him; her only bridesmaid being the housemaid at her aunt's. The consequence was, that Frank and his wife went into lodgings, and Mrs. Wilson refused to see them, and turned away Norah, the warm-hearted housemaid; whom they accordingly took into their service. When Captain Wilson returned from his voyage, he was very cordial with the young couple, and spent many an evening at their lodging; smoking his pipe, and sipping his grog; but he told them that, for quietness' sake, he could not ask them to his own house; for his wife was bitter against them. They were not very unhappy about this.

The seed of future unhappiness lay rather

in Frank's vehement, passionate disposition; which led him to resent his wife's shyness and want of demonstration as failures in conjugal duty. He was already tormenting himself, and her too, in a slighter degree, by apprehensions and imaginations of what might befall her during his approaching absence at sea. At last he went to his father and urged him to insist upon Alice's being once more received under his roof; the more especially as there was now a prospect of her confinement while her husband was away on his voyage. Captain Wilson was, as he himself expressed it, "breaking up," and unwilling to undergo the excitement of a scene; yet he felt that what his son said was true. So he went to his wife. And before Frank went to sea, he had the comfort of seeing his wife installed in her old little garret in his father's house. To have placed her in the one best spare room was a step beyond Mrs. Wilson's powers of submission or generosity. The worst part about it, however, was that the faithful Norah had to be dismissed. Her place as housemaid had been filled up; and, even had it not, she had forfeited Mrs. Wilson's good opinion forever. She comforted her young master and mistress by pleasant prophecies of the time when they would have a household of their own; of which, in whatever service she might be in the meantime, she should be sure to form part. Almost the last action of Frank Wilson did, before setting sail, was going with Alice to see Norah once more at her mother's house. And then he went away.

Alice's father-in-law grew more and more feeble as winter advanced. She was of great use to her step-mother in nursing and amusing him; and, although there was anxiety enough in the household, there was perhaps more of peace than there had been for years; for Mrs. Wilson had not a bad heart, and was softened by the visible approach of death, to one whom she loved, and touched by the lonely condition of the young creature, expecting her first confinement in her husband's absence. To this relenting mood Norah owed the permission to come and nurse Alice when her baby was born, and to remain to attend on Captain Wilson.

Before one letter had been received from Frank (who had sailed for the East Indies and China), his father died. Alice was always glad to remember that he had held her baby

in his arms, and kissed and blessed it before his death. After that, and the consequent examination into the state of his affairs, it was found that he had left far less property than people had been led by his style of living to imagine; and, what money there was, was all settled upon his wife, and at her disposal after her death. This did not signify much to Alice, as Frank was now first mate of his ship, and, in another voyage or two, would be captain. Meanwhile he had left her some hundreds (all his savings) in the bank.

It became time for Alice to hear from her husband. One letter from the Cape she had already received. The next was to announce his arrival in India. As week after week passed over, and no intelligence of the ship's arrival reached the office of the owners, and the captain's wife was in the same state of ignorant suspense as Alice herself, her fears grew most oppressive. At length the day came when, in reply to her inquiry at the Shipping Office, they told her that the owners had given up hope of ever hearing more of the Betsy-Jane, and had sent in their claim upon the underwriters. Now that he was gone forever, she first felt a yearning, longing love for the kind cousin, the dear friend, the sympathizing protector, whom she should never see again,—first, felt a passionate desire to show him his child, whom she had hitherto rather craved to have all to herself—her own sole possession. Her grief was, however, noiseless, and quiet—rather to the scandal of Mrs. Wilson; who bewailed her step-son as if he and she had always lived together in perfect harmony, and who evidently thought it her duty to burst into fresh tears at every strange face she saw; dwelling on his poor young widow's desolate state, and the helplessness of the fatherless child, with an unction, as if she liked the excitement of the sorrowful story.

So passed away the first days of Alice's widowhood. By and by things subsided into their natural and tranquil course. But, as if this young creature was always to be in some heavy trouble, her ewe-lamb, began to be ailing, pining and sickly. The child's mysterious illness turned out to be some affection of the spine likely to affect health; but not to shorten life—at least so the doctors said. But the long dreary suffering of one whom a mother loves as Alice loved her only

child, is hard to look forward to. Only Norah guessed what Alice suffered; no one but God knew.

And so it fell out, that when Mrs. Wilson, the elder came to her one day in violent distress, occasioned by a very material diminution in the value of the property that her husband had left her,—a diminution which made her income barely enough to support herself, much less Alice—the latter could hardly understand how any thing which did not touch health or life could cause such grief; and she received the intelligence with irritating composure. But when, that afternoon, the little sick child was brought in, and the grandmother—who after all loved it well—began a fresh moan over her losses to its unconscious ears—saying how she had planned to consult this or that doctor, and to give it this or that comfort or luxury in after years, but that now all chance of this had passed away—Alice's heart was touched, and she drew near to Mrs. Wilson with unwonted caresses, and, in a spirit not unlike to that of Ruth, entreated, that come what would, they might remain together. After much discussion in succeeding days, it was arranged that Mrs. Wilson should take a house in Manchester, furnishing it partly with what furniture she had, and providing the rest with Alice's remaining two hundred pounds. Mrs. Wilson was herself a Manchester woman, and naturally longed to return to her native town; Some connections of her own at that time required lodgings, for which they were willing to pay pretty handsomely. Alice undertook the active superintendence and superior work of the household. Norah, willing, faithful Norah, offered to cook, scour, do any thing in short, so that she might but remain with them.

The plan succeeded. For some years their first lodgers remained with them, and all went smoothly,—with the one sad exception of the little girl's increasing deformity. How that mother loved that child is not for words to tell!

Then came a break of misfortune. Their lodgers left, and no one succeeded to them. After some months they had to remove to a smaller house; and Alice's tender conscience was torn by the idea that she ought not to be a burden to her mother-in-law, but ought to go out and seek her own maintenance. And leave her child! The thought came like the

sweeping boom of a funeral bell over her heart.

By and by, Mr. Openshaw came to lodge with them. He had started in life as the errand-boy and sweeper-out of a warehouse; had struggled up through all the grades of employment in the place, fighting his way through the hard striving Manchester life with strong pushing energy of character. Every spare moment of time had been sternly given up to self-teaching. He was a capital accountant, a good French and German scholar, a keen, far-seeing, tradesman; understanding markets, and the bearing of events, both near and distant, on trade: and yet, with such vivid attention to present details, that I do not think he ever saw a group of flowers in the fields without thinking whether their colors would, or would not, form harmonious contrasts in the coming spring muslins and prints. He went to debating societies, and threw himself with all his heart and soul into politics; esteeming, it must be owned, every man a fool or a knave who differed from him, and overthrowing his opponents rather by the loud strength of his language than the calm strength of his logic. There was something of the Yankee in all this. Indeed his theory ran parallel to the famous Yankee motto—"England flogs creation, and Manchester flogs England." Such a man, as may be fancied, had had no time for falling in love, or any such nonsense. At the age when most young men go through their courting and matrimony, he had not the means of keeping a wife, and was far too practical to think of having one. And now that he was in easy circumstances, a rising man, he considered women almost as incumbrances to the world, with whom a man had better have as little to do as possible. His first impression of Alice was indistinct, and he did not care enough about her to make it distinct. "A pretty yea-nay kind of woman," would have been his description of her, if he had been pushed into a corner. He was rather afraid, in the beginning, that her quiet ways arose from a listlessness and laziness of character which would have been exceedingly discordant to his active energetic nature. But, when he found out the punctuality with which his wishes were attended to, and her work was done; when he was called in the morning at the very stroke of the clock, his shaving-water scalding hot, his fire bright, his

softee made exactly as his peculiar fancy dictated (for he was a man who had his theory about every thing, based upon what he knew of science, and often perfectly original);—then he began to think: not that Alice had any peculiar merit; but that he had got into remarkably good lodgings: his restlessness wore away, and he began to consider himself as almost settled for life in them.

Mr. Openshaw had been too busy, all his life, to be introspective. He did not know that he had any tenderness in his nature; and if he had become conscious of its abstract existence, he would have considered it as a manifestation of disease in some part of his nature. But he was decoyed into pity unawares; and pity led on to tenderness. That little helpless child—always carried about by one of the three busy women of the house, or else patiently threading colored beads in the chair from which, by no effort of its own, could it ever move; the great, grave blue eyes, full of serious, not uncheerful expression, giving to the small delicate face a look beyond its years; the soft plaintive voice dropping out but few words, so unlike the continual prattle of a child—caught Mr. Openshaw's attention in spite of himself. One day—he half scorned himself for doing so—he cut short his dinner-hour to go in search of some toy which should take the place of those eternal beads. I forget what he bought; but, when he gave the present (which he took care to do in a short abrupt manner, and when no one was by to see him) he was almost thrilled by the flash of delight that came over that child's face, and could not help all through that afternoon going over and over again the picture left on his memory, by the bright effect of unexpected joy on the little girl's face. When he returned home, he found his slippers placed by his sitting-room fire; and even more careful attention paid to his fancies than was habitual in those model lodgings. When Alice had taken the last of his tea-things away—she had been silent as usual till then—she stood for an instant with the door in her hand. Mr. Openshaw looked as if he were deep in his book, though in fact he did not see a line, but was heartily wishing the woman would be gone, and not make any palaver of gratitude. But she only said:—

"I am very much obliged to you, sir. Thank you very much," and was gone, even

before he could send her away with a "There, my good woman, that's enough!"

For some time longer he took no apparent notice of the child. He even hardened his heart into disregarding her sudden flush of color and little timid smile of recognition, when he saw her by chance. But, after all, this could not last forever; and, having a second time given away to tenderness, there was no relapse. The insidious enemy having thus entered his heart, in the guise of compassion to the child, soon assumed the more dangerous form of interest in the mother. He was aware of this change of feeling, despised himself for it, struggled with it; nay, internally yielded to it and cherished it, long before he suffered the slightest expression of it, by word, action, or look, to escape him. He watched Alice's docile, obedient ways to her stepmother; the love which she had inspired in the rough Norah (roughened by the wear and tear of sorrow and years); but above all, he saw the wild, deep, passionate affection existing between her and her child. They spoke little to any one else, or when any one else was by; but, when alone together, they talked, and murmured, and cooed, and chattered so continually, that Mr. Openshaw first wondered what they could find to say to each other, and next became irritated because they were always so grave and silent with him. All this time, he was perpetually devising small new pleasures for the child. His thoughts ran, in a pertinacious way, upon the desolate life before her; and often he came back from his day's work loaded with the very thing Alice had been longing for, but had not been able to procure. One time it was a little chair for drawing the little sufferer along the streets, and many an evening that ensuing summer Mr. Openshaw drew her along himself, regardless of the remarks of his acquaintances. One day in autumn he put down his newspaper, as Alice came in with the breakfast, and said, in as indifferent a voice as he could assume:—

"Mrs. Frank, is there any reason why we two should not put up our horses together?"

Alice stood still in perplexed wonder. What did he mean? He had resumed the reading of his newspaper, as if he did not expect any answer; so she found silence her safest course, and went on quietly arranging his breakfast without another word passing between them. Just as he was leaving the

house, to go to the warehouse as usual, he turned back and put his head into the bright, neat, tidy kitchen, where all the women breakfasted in the morning:—

"You'll think of what I said, Mrs. Frank" this was her name with the lodgers, "and let me have your opinion upon it to-night."

Alice was thankful that her mother and Norah were too busy talking together to attend much to this speech. She determined not to think about it at all through the day; and, of course, the effort not to think, made her think all the more. At night she sent up Norah with his tea. But Mr. Openshaw almost knocked Norah down as she was going out at the door, by pushing past her and calling out "Mrs. Frank!" in an impatient voice, at the top of the stairs.

Alice went up, rather than seem to have affixed too much meaning to his words.

"Well, Mrs. Frank," he said, "what answer? Don't make it too long; for I have lots of office work to get through to-night."

"I hardly know what you meant, sir," said truthful Alice.

"Well! I should have thought you might have guessed. You're not new at this sort of work, and I am. However, I'll make it plain this time. Will you have me to be thy wedded husband, and serve me, and love me, and honor me, and all that sort of thing? Because, if you will, I will do as much by you, and be a father to your child—and that's more than is put in the prayer-book. Now, I'm a man of my word; and what I say, I feel; and what I promise, I'll do. Now, for your answer!"

Alice was silent. He began to make the tea, as if her reply was a matter of perfect indifference to him; but, as soon as that was done, he became impatient.

"Well?" said he.

"How long, sir, may I have to think over it?"

"Three minutes!" (looking at his watch).

"You've had two already—that makes five. Be a sensible woman, say Yes, and sit down to tea with me, and we'll talk it over together; for, after tea, I shall be busy; say No" (he hesitated a moment to try and keep his voice in the same tone), "and I shan't say another word about it, but pay up a year's rent for my rooms to-morrow, and be off. Time's up! Yes or no?"

"If you please, sir—you have been so good to little Ailsie—"

"There, sit down comfortably by me on the sofa, and let us have our tea together. I am glad to find you are as good and sensible as I took you for."

And this was Alice Wilson's second wooing.

Mr. Openshaw's will was too strong, and his circumstances too good, for him not to carry all before him. He settled Mrs. Wilson in a comfortable house of her own, and made her quite independent of lodgers. The little that Alice said with regard to future plans was in Norah's behalf.

"No," said Mr. Openshaw. "Norah shall take care of the old lady as long as she lives; and, after that, she shall either come and live with us, or, if she likes it better, she shall have a provision for life—for your sake, missus. No one who has been good to you or the child shall go unrewarded. But even the little one will be better for some fresh stuff about her. Get her a bright, sensible girl as a nurse; one who won't go rubbing her with calf's-foot jelly as Norah does; wasting good stuff outside that ought to go in, but will follow doctors' directions; which, as you must see pretty clearly by this time, Norah won't; because they give the poor little wench pain. Now, I'm not above being nesh for other folks myself. I can stand a good blow, and never change color; but, set me in the operating-room in the infirmary, and I turn as sick as a girl. Yet, if need were, I would hold the little wench on my knees while she screeched with pain, if it were to do her poor back good. Nay, nay, wench! keep your white looks for the time when it comes—I don't say it ever will. But this I know, Norah will spare the child, and cheat the doctor if she can. Now, I say, give the bairn a year or two's chance, and then, when the pack of doctors have done their best—and, maybe, the old lady has gone—we'll have Norah back, or do better for her."

The pack of doctors could do no good to little Ailsie. She was beyond their power. But her father (for so he insisted on being called, and also on Alice's no longer retaining the appellation of Mama, but becoming henceforward Mother), by his healthy cheerfulness of manner, his clear decision of purpose, his odd turns and quirks of humor, added to his real strong love for the helpless little girl, infused a new element of brightness and confidence into her life; and, though her back remained the same, her general

health was strengthened, and Alice—never going beyond a smile herself—had the pleasure of seeing her child taught to laugh.

As for Alice's own life, it was happier than it had ever been. Mr. Openshaw required no demonstration, no expressions of affection from her. Indeed, these would rather have disgusted him. Alice could love deeply, but could not talk about it. The perpetual requirement of loving words, looks, and caresses, and misconstruing their absence into absence of love, had been the great trial of her former married life. Now, all went on clear and straight, under the guidance of her husband's strong sense, warm heart, and powerful will. Year by year their worldly prosperity increased. At Mrs. Wilson's death, Norah came back to them, as nurse to the newly-born little Edwin; into which post she was not installed without a pretty strong oration on the part of the proud and happy father; who declared that if he found out that Norah ever tried to screen the boy by a falsehood, or to make him nesh either in body or mind, she should go that very day. Norah and Mr. Openshaw were not on the most thoroughly cordial terms; neither of them fully recognizing or appreciating the other's best qualities.

This was the previous history of the Lancashire family who had now removed to London, and had come to occupy the house.

They had been there about a year, when Mr. Openshaw suddenly informed his wife that he had determined to heal long-standing feuds, and had asked his uncle and aunt Chadwick to come and pay them a visit and see London. Mrs. Openshaw had never seen this uncle and aunt of her husband's. Years before she had married him, there had been a quarrel. All she knew was, that Mr. Chadwick was a small manufacturer in a country town in South Lancashire. She was extremely pleased that the breach was to be healed, and began making preparations to render their visit pleasant.

They arrived at last. Going to see London was such an event to them, that Mrs. Chadwick had made all new linen fresh for the occasion—from night-caps downwards; and, as for gowns, ribbons, and collars, she might have been going into the wilds of Canada where never a shop is, so large was her stock. A fortnight before the day of her departure for London, she had formally called to take

leave of all her acquaintance; saying she should need all the intermediate time for packing up. It was like a second wedding in her imagination; and, to complete the resemblance which an entirely new wardrobe made between the two events, her husband brought her, back from Manchester, on the last market-day before they set off, a gorgeous pearl and amethyst brooch, saying, "Lunnon should see that Lancashire folks knew a handsome thing when they saw it."

For some time after Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick arrived at the Openshaws', there was no opportunity for wearing this brooch; but at length they obtained an order to see Buckingham Palace, and the spirit of loyalty demanded that Mrs. Chadwick should wear her best clothes in visiting the abode of her sovereign. On her return, she hastily changed her dress; for Mr. Openshaw had planned that they should go to Richmond, drink tea and return by moonlight. Accordingly, about five o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick set off.

The housemaid and cook sat below, Norah hardly knew where. She was always engrossed in the nursery, in tending her two children, and in sitting by the restless excitable Ailsie till she fell asleep. By and by, the housemaid Bessy tapped gently at the door. Norah went to her, and they spoke in whispers.

"Nurse! there's some one down-stairs wants you."

"Wants me! Who is it?"

"A gentleman—"

"A gentleman? Nonsense!"

"Well! a man, then, and he asks for you, and he rung at the front door bell, and has walked into the dining-room."

"You should never have let him," exclaimed Norah, "master and missus out—"

"I did not want him to come in; but, when he heard you lived here, he walked past me, and sat down on the first chair, and said, 'Tell her to come and speak to me.' There is no gas lighted in the room, and supper is all set out."

"He'll be off with the spoons!" exclaimed Norah, putting the housemaid's fear into words, and preparing to leave the room, first, however, giving a look to Ailsie, sleeping soundly and calmly.

Down-stairs she went, uneasy fears stirring in her bosom. Before she entered the din-

ing-room she provided herself with a candle, and, with it in her hand, she went in, looking round her in the darkness for her visitor.

He was standing up, holding by the table. Norah and he looked at each other; gradual recognition coming into their eyes.

"Norah?" at length he asked.

"Who are you?" asked Norah, with the sharp tones of alarm and incredulity. "I don't know you:" trying, by futile words of disbelief, to do away with the terrible fact before her.

"Am I so changed?" he said, pathetically. "I daresay I am. But, Norah, tell me!" he breathed hard, "where is my wife? Is she—*is she alive?*"

He came nearer to Norah, and would have taken her hand; but she backed away from him; looking at him all the time with staring eyes, as if he were some horrible object. Yet he was a handsome, bronzed, good-looking fellow, with beard and moustache, giving him a foreign looking aspect; but his eyes! there was no mistaking those eager, beautiful eyes—the very same that Norah had watched not half-an-hour ago, till sleep stole softly over them.

"Tell me, Norah—I can bear it—I have feared it so often. Is she dead?" Norah still kept silent. "She is dead!" He hung on Norah's words and looks, as if for confirmation or contradiction.

"What shall I do?" groaned Norah. "O sir! why did you come? how did you find me out? where have you been? We thought you dead, we did indeed!" She poured out words and questions to gain time, as if time would help her.

"Norah! answer me this question straight. by yes or no—Is my wife dead?"

"No, she is not!" said Norah, slowly and heavily.

"Oh, what a relief! Did she receive my letters? But perhaps you don't know. Why did you leave her? Where is she? O, Norah, tell me all quickly!"

"Mr. Frank!" said Norah at last, almost driven to bay by her terror lest her mistress should return at any moment, and find him there—unable to consider what was best to be done or said—rushing at something decisive, because she could not endure her present state,—*"Mr. Frank! we never heard a line from you, and the shipowners said you had gone down, you and every one else. We*

thought you were dead, if ever man was, and poor Miss Alice and her little, sick, helpless child! O sir, you must guess it," cried the poor creature at last, bursting out into a passionate fit of crying, "for indeed I cannot tell it. But it was no one's fault. God help us all this night!"

Norah had sat down. She trembled too much to stand. He took her hands in his. He squeezed them hard as if by physical pressure, the truth could be wrung out.

"Norah!" This time his tone was calm; stagnant as despair. "She has married again!"

Norah shook her head sadly. The grasp slowly relaxed. The man had fainted.

There was brandy in the room. Norah forced some drops into Mr. Frank's mouth, chafed his hands, and—when mere animal life returned, before the mind poured in its flood of memories and thoughts—she lifted him up, and rested his head against her knees. Then she put a few crumbs of bread taken from the supper-table, soaked in brandy into his mouth. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"Where is she? Tell me this instant." He looked so wild, so mad, so desperate, that Norah felt herself to be in bodily danger; but her time of dread had gone by. She had been afraid to tell him the truth, and then she had been a coward. Now, her wits were sharpened by the sense of his desperate state. He must leave the house. She would pity him afterwards; but now she must rather command than upbraid; for he must leave the house before her mistress came home. That one necessity stood clear before her.

"She is not here: that is enough for you to know. Nor can I say exactly where she is," which was truth to the letter if not to the spirit. "Go away, and tell me where to find you to-morrow, and I will tell you all. My master and mistress may come back at any minute, and then what would become of me with a strange man in the house!"

Such an argument was too petty to touch his excited mind.

"I don't care for your master and mistress. If your master is a man, he must feel for me—poor shipwrecked sailor that I am—kept for years a prisoner amongst savages, always, always thinking of my wife and my home—dreaming of her by night, talking to her, though she could not hear, by day. I

loved her more than all heaven and earth put together. Tell me where she is, this instant, you wretched woman, who salved over her wickedness to her, as you do to me."

The clock struck ten. Desperate positions require desperate measures.

"If you will leave the house now, I will come to you to-morrow and tell you all. What is more, you shall see your child now. She lies sleeping up-stairs. O, sir, you have a child, you do not know that as yet—a little weakly girl—with just a heart and soul beyond her years. We have reared her up with such care. We watched her, for we thought for many a year she might die any day, and we tended her, and no hard thing has come near her, and no rough word has ever been said to her. And now you come, and will take her life into your hand, and will crush it. Strangers to her have been kind to her; but her own father—Mr. Frank, I am her nurse, and I love her, and I tend her, and I would do any thing for her that I could. Her mother's heart beats as hers beats; and if she suffers a pain, her mother trembles all over. If she is happy, it is her mother that smiles and is glad. If she is growing stronger, her mother is healthy: if she dwindles, her mother languishes. If she dies—well, I don't know: it is not every one can lie down and die when they wish it. Come up-stairs, Mr. Frank, and see your child. Seeing her will do good to your poor heart. Then go away, in God's name, just this one night—to-morrow, if need be, you can do any thing—kill us all if you will, or show yourself a great grand man, whom God will bless forever and ever. Come, Mr. Frank, the look of a sleeping child is sure to give peace."

She led him up-stairs; at first almost helping his steps, till they came near the nursery door. She had almost forgotten the existence of little Edwin. It struck upon her with affright as the shaded light fell upon the other cot; but she skilfully threw that corner of the room into darkness, and let the light fall on the sleeping Ailsie. The child had thrown down the coverings, and her deformity, as she lay with her back to them, was plainly visible through her slight night-gown. Her little face, deprived of the lustre of her eyes, looked wan and pinched, and had a pathetic expression in it, even as she slept.

The poor father looked and looked with hungry, wistful eyes, into which the big tears came swelling up slowly, and dropped heavily down, as he stood trembling and shaking all over. Norah was angry with herself for growing impatient of the length of time that long lingering gaze lasted. She thought that she waited for full half-an-hour before Frank stirred. And then—instead of going away—he sank down on his knees by the bedside, and buried his face in the clothes. Little Ailsie stirred uneasily. Norah pulled him up in terror. She could afford no more time even for prayer in her extremity of fear; for surely the next moment would bring her mistress home. She took him forcibly by the arm; but, as he was going, his eye lighted on the other bed: he stopped. Intelligence came back into his face. His hands clenched.

"His child?" he asked.

"Her child," replied Norah. "God watches over him," said she instinctively; for Frank's looks excited her fears, and she needed to remind herself of the Protector of the helpless.

"God has not watched over me," he said, in despair; his thoughts apparently recoiling on his own desolate, deserted state. But Norah had no time for pity. To-morrow she would be as compassionate as her heart prompted. At length she guided him down-stairs and shut the outer door and bolted it—as if by bolts to keep out facts.

Then she went back into the dining-room and effaced all traces of his presence as far as she could. She went up-stairs to the nursery and sat there, her head on her hand, thinking what was to come of all this misery. It seemed to her very long before they did return; yet it was hardly eleven o'clock. She heard the loud, hearty Lancashire voices on the stairs; and, for the first time, she understood the contrast of the desolation of the poor man who had so lately gone forth in lonely despair.

It almost put her out of patience to see Mrs. Openshaw come in, calmly smiling, handsomely dressed, happy, easy, to inquire after her children.

"Did Ailsie go to sleep comfortably?" she whispered to Norah.

"Yes."

Her mother bent over her, looking at her slumbers with the soft eyes of love. How

little she dreamed who had looked on her last! Then she went to Edwin, with perhaps less wistful anxiety in her countenance; but more of pride. She took off her things, to go down to supper. Norah saw her no more that night.

Beside the door into the passage, the sleeping-nursery opened out of Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw's room, in order that they might have the children more immediately under their own eyes. Early the next summer morning Mrs. Openshaw was awakened by Ailsie's startled call of "Mother! mother!" She sprang up, put on her dressing-gown, and went to her child. Ailsie was only half awake, and in a not uncommon state of terror.

"Who was he, mother? Tell me?"

"Who, my darling? No one is here. You have been dreaming love. Waken up quite. See, it is broad daylight."

"Yes," said Ailsie, looking round her; then clinging to her mother, said, "but a man was here in the night, mother."

"Nonsense, little goose. No man has ever come near you!"

"Yes, he did. He stood there. Just by Norah. A man with hair and a beard. And he knelt down and said his prayers. Norah knows he was here, mother;" half angrily, as Mrs. Openshaw shook her head in smiling incredulity.

"Well! we will ask Norah when she comes," said Mrs. Openshaw, soothingly. "But we won't talk any more about him now. It is not five o'clock; it is too early for you to get up. Shall I fetch you a book and read to you?"

"Don't leave me, mother," said the child, clinging to her. So Mrs. Openshaw sat on the bedside talking to Ailsie, and telling her of what they had done at Richmond the evening before, until the little girl's eyes slowly closed, and she once more fell asleep.

"What was the matter?" asked Mr. Openshaw, as his wife returned to bed.

"Ailsie, wakened up in a fright, with some story of a man having been in the room to say his prayers,—a dream, I suppose." And no more was said at the time.

Mrs. Openshaw had almost forgotten the whole affair when she got up about seven o'clock. But, by and by, she heard a sharp altercation going on in the nursery. Norah speaking angrily to Ailsie, a most unusual thing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw listened in astonishment.

"Hold your tongue, Ailsie! let me hear none of your dreams; never let me hear you tell that story again!" Ailsie began to cry.

Mr. Openshaw opened the door of communication before his wife could say a word.

"Norah, come here!"

The nurse stood at the door, defiant. She perceived she had been heard, but she was desperate.

"Don't let me hear you speak in that manner to Ailsie again," he said sternly, and shut the door.

Norah was infinitely relieved; for she had dreaded some questioning; and a little blame for sharp speaking was what she could well bear, if cross examination was let alone.

Down-stairs they went, Mr. Openshaw carrying Ailsie; the sturdy Edwin coming step by step, right foot foremost, always holding his mother's hand. Each child was placed in a chair by the breakfast-table, and then Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw stood together at the window, awaiting their visitors' appearance and making plans for the day. There was a pause. Suddenly Mr. Openshaw turned to Ailsie, and said:—

"What a little goosy somebody is with her dreams, waking up poor, tired mother in the middle of the night with a story of a man being in the room."

"Father! I'm sure I saw him," said Ailsie, half crying. "I don't want to make Norah angry; but I was not asleep, for all she says I was. I had been asleep,—and I awakened up quite wide awake though I was so frightened. I kept my eyes nearly shut, and I saw the man quite plain. A great brown man with a beard. He said his prayers. And then he looked at Edwin. And then Norah took him by the arm and led him away, after they had whispered a bit together."

"Now, my little woman must be reasonable," said Mr. Openshaw, who was always patient with Ailsie. "There was no man in the house last night at all. No man comes into the house as you know, if you think; much less goes up into the nursery. But sometimes we dream something has happened, and the dream is so like reality, that you are not the first person, little woman, who has stood out that the thing has really happened."

"But, indeed it was not a dream!" said Ailsie, beginning to cry.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick came

down, looking grave and discomposed. All during breakfast time they were silent and uncomfortable. As soon as the breakfast things were taken away, and the children had been carried up-stairs, Mr. Chadwick began in an evidently preconcerted manner to inquire if his nephew was certain that all his servants were honest; for, that Mrs. Chadwick had that morning missed a very valuable brooch, which she had worn the day before. She remembered taking it off when she came home from Buckingham Palace. Mr. Openshaw's face contracted into hard lines: grew like what it was before he had known his wife and her child. He rang the bell even before his uncle had done speaking. It was answered by the housemaid.

"Mary, was any one here last night while we were away?"

"A man, sir, came to speak to Norah."

"To speak to Norah! Who was he? How long did he stay?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, sir. He came—perhaps about nine. I went up to tell Norah in the nursery, and she came down to speak to him. She let him out, sir. She will know who he was, and how long he stayed."

She waited a moment to be asked any more questions, but she was not, so she went away.

A minute afterwards Openshaw made as though he were going out of the room; but his wife laid her hand on his arm:—

"Do not speak to her before the children," she said, in her low, quiet voice. "I will go up and question her."

"No! I must speak to her. You must know," said he, turning to his uncle and aunt, "my missus has an old servant, as faithful as ever woman was, I do believe, as far as love goes,—but at the same time, who does not always speak truth, as even the missus must allow. Now, my notion is, that this Norah of ours has been come over by some good-for-nothing chap (for she's at the time o' life when they say women pray for husbands—'any, good Lord, any'), and has let him into our house, and the chap has made off with your brooch, and m'appen many another thing beside. It's only saying that Norah is soft-hearted, and does not stick at a white lie—that's all, missus."

It was curious to notice how his tone, his eyes, his whole face changed as he spoke to his wife; but he was the resolute man

through all. She knew better than to oppose him; so she went up-stairs, and told Norah her master wanted to speak to her, and that she would take care of the children in the mean while.

Norah rose to go without a word. Her thoughts were these:—

"If they tear me to pieces they shall never know through me. He may come,—and then just Lord have mercy upon us all: for some of us are dead folk to a certainty. But he shall do it; not me."

You may fancy, now, her look of determination as she faced her master alone in the dining-room; Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick having left the affair in their nephew's hands, seeing that he took it up with such vehemence.

"Norah! Who was that man that came to my house last night?"

"Man, sir!" As if infinitely surprised; but it was only to gain time.

"Yes; the man whom Mary let in; whom she went up-stairs to the nursery to tell you about; whom you came down to speak to; the same chap, I make no doubt, whom you took into the nursery to have your talk out with; whom Ailsie saw, and afterwards dreamed about; thinking, poor wench! she saw him say his prayers, when nothing, I'll be bound, was farther from his thoughts; who took Mrs. Chadwick's brooch, value ten pounds. Now, Norah! Don't go off! I am as sure as that my name's Thomas Openshaw, that you knew nothing of this robbery. But I do think you've been imposed on, and that's the truth. Some good-for-nothing chap has been making up to you, and you've been just like all other women, and have turned a soft place in your heart to him; and he came last night a-lovvering, and you had him up in the nursery, and he made use of his opportunities, and made off with a few things on his way down! Come, now, Norah; it's no blame to you, only you must not be such a fool again! Tell us," he continued, "what name he gave you, Norah? I'll be bound it was not the right one; but it will be a clue for the police."

Norah drew herself up. "You may ask that question, and taunt me with my being single, and with my credulity, as you will, Master Openshaw. You'll get no answer from me. As for the brooch, and the story of theft and burglary; if any friend ever came to see me (which I defy you to prove,

and deny), he'd be just as much above doing such a thing as you yourself, Mr. Openshaw, and more so, too; for I'm not at all sure as every thing you have is rightly come by, or would be yours long, if every man had his own." She meant, of course, his wife; but he understood her to refer to his property in goods and chattels.

"Now, my good woman," said he, "I'll just tell you truly, I never trusted you out and out; but my wife liked you, and I thought you had many a good point about you. If you once begin to sauce me, I'll have the police to you, and get out the truth in a court of justice, if you'll not tell it me quietly and civilly here. Now the best thing you can do is quietly to tell me who the fellow is. Look here! a man comes to my house; asks for you; you take him up-stairs, a valuable brooch is missing next day; we know that you, and Mary, and cook, are honest; but you refuse to tell us who the man is. Indeed you've told one lie already about him, saying no one was here last night. Now I just put it to you, what do you think a policeman would say to this, or a magistrate? A magistrate would soon make you tell the truth, my good woman."

"There's never the creature born that should get it out of me," said Norah. "Not unless I choose to tell."

"I've a great mind to see," said Mr. Openshaw, growing angry at the defiance. Then, checking himself, he thought before he spoke again:—

"Norah, for your missus's sake I don't want to go to extremities. Be a sensible woman, if you can. It's no great disgrace, after all, to have been taken in. I ask you once more—as a friend—who was this man whom you let into my house last night?"

No answer. He repeated the question in an impatient tone. Still no answer. Norah's lips were set in determination not to speak.

"Then there is but one thing to be done. I shall send for a policeman."

"You will not," said Norah, starting forwards. "You shall not, sir! No policeman shall touch me. I know nothing of the brooch, but I know this: ever since I was four and twenty I have thought more of your wife than of myself: ever since I saw her, a poor motherless girl put upon in her uncle's house, I have thought more of serving her than of serving myself! I have cared for her

and her child, as nobody ever cared for me. I don't cast blame on you, sir, but I say it's ill giving up one's life to any one; for, at the end, they will turn round upon you, and forsake you. Why does not my missus come herself to suspect me? Maybe she is gone for the police? But I don't stay here, either for police, or magistrate, or master. You're an unlucky lot. I believe there's a curse on you. I'll leave you this very day. Yes! I'll leave that poor Ailsie, too. I will! No good will ever come to you!"

Mr. Openshaw was utterly astonished at this speech; most of which was completely unintelligible to him, as may easily be supposed. Before he could make up his mind what to say, or what to do, Norah had left the room. I do not think he had ever really intended to send for the police to this old servant of his wife's; for he had never for a moment doubted her perfect honesty. But he had intended to compel her to tell him who the man was, and in this he was baffled. He was, consequently, much irritated. He returned to his uncle and aunt in a state of great annoyance and perplexity, and told them he could get nothing out of the woman; that some man had been in the house the night before; but that she refused to tell who he was. At this moment his wife came in, greatly agitated, and asked what had happened to Norah; for that she had put on her things in passionate haste, and had left the house.

"This looks suspicious," said Mr. Chadwick. "It is not the way in which an honest person would have acted."

Mr. Openshaw kept silence. He was sorely perplexed. But Mrs. Openshaw turned round on Mr. Chadwick with a sudden fierceness no one ever saw in her before.

"You don't know Norah, uncle! She is gone because she is deeply hurt at being suspected. Oh, I wish I had seen her—that I had spoken to her myself. She would have told me anything." Alice wrung her hands.

"I must confess," continued Mr. Chadwick to his nephew, in a lower voice, "I can't make you out. You used to be a word and a blow, and ofteneast the blow first; and now, when there is every cause for suspicion, you just do nought. Your missus is a very good woman, I grant; but she may have been put upon as well as other folk, I suppose. If you don't send for the police, I shall."

"Very well," replied Mr. Openshaw, surlily. "I can't clear Norah. She won't clear herself, as I believe she might if she would. Only I wash my hands of it; for I am sure the woman herself is honest, and she's lived a long time with my wife, and I don't like her to come to shame."

"But she will then be forced to clear herself. That at any rate, will be a good thing."

"Very well, very well! I am heart-sick of the whole business. Come, Alice, come up to the babies; they'll be in a sore way. I tell you, uncle!" he said, turning round once more to Mr. Chadwick, suddenly and sharply, after his eye had fallen on Alice's wan, tearful, anxious face; "I'll have none sending for the police after all. 'I'll buy my aunt twice as handsome a brooch this very day; but I'll not have Norah suspected and my missus plagued. There's for you.'"

He and his wife left the room. Mr. Chadwick quietly waited till he was out of hearing, and then said to his wife; "For all Tom's heroics, I'm just quietly going for a detective, wench. Thou needn't know nought about it."

He went to the police-station, and made a statement of the case. He was gratified by the impression which the evidence against Norah seemed to make. The men all agreed in his opinion, and steps were to be immediately taken to find out where she was. Most probably, as they suggested, she had gone at once to the man, who, to all appearance, was her lover. When Mr. Chadwick asked how they would find her out? they smiled, shook their heads, and spoke of mysterious but infallible ways and means. He returned to his nephew's house with a very comfortable opinion of his own sagacity. He was met by his wife with a penitent face:

"O master, I've found my brooch! It was just sticking by its pin in the founce of my brown silk that I wore yesterday. I took it off in a hurry, and it must have caught in it; and I hung up my gown in the closet. Just now, when I was going to fold it up, there was the brooch! I'm very vexed, but I never dreamt but what it was lost!"

Her husband muttering something very like "Confound thee and thy brooch too! I wish I'd never given it thee," snatched up his hat, and rushed back to the station; hoping to be in time to stop the police from searching for Norah. But a detective was already gone off on the errand.

Where was Norah? Half mad with the strain of the fearful secret, she had hardly slept through the night for thinking what must be done. Upon this terrible state of mind had come Ailsie's questions, showing that she had seen the man, as the unconscious child called her father. Lastly came the suspicion of her honesty. She was little less than crazy as she ran up-stairs and dashed on her bonnet and shawl; leaving all else, even her purse, behind her. In that house she would not stay. That was all she knew or was clear about. She would not even see the children again, for fear it should weaken her. She feared above every thing Mr. Frank's return to claim his wife. She could not tell what remedy there was for a sorrow so tremendous, for her to stay to witness. The desire of escaping from the coming event was a stronger motive for her departure than her soreness about the suspicions directed against her; although this last had been the final goad to the course she took. She walked away almost at headlong speed; sobbing as she went, as she had not dared to do during the past night for fear of exciting wonder in those who might hear her. Then she stopped. An idea came into her mind that she would leave London altogether, and betake herself to her native town of Liverpool. She felt in her pocket for her purse, as she drew near the Easton Square station with this intention. She had left it at home. Her poor head aching, her eyes swollen with crying, she had to stand still, and think, as well as she could, where next she should bend her steps. Suddenly the thought flashed into her mind that she would go and find out poor Mr. Frank. She had been hardly kind to him the night before, though her heart had bled for him ever since. She remembered his telling her, as she inquired for his address, almost as she had pushed him out of the door, of some hotel in a street not far distant from Easton Square. Thither she went: with what intention she hardly knew, but to assuage her conscience by telling him how much she pitied him. In her present state she felt herself unfit to counsel, or restrain, or assist, or do ought else but sympathize and weep. The people of the inn said such a person had been there; had arrived only the day before; had gone out soon after his arrival, leaving his luggage in their care; but had never come back. Norah asked for leave to sit down, and

await the gentleman's return. The landlady—pretty secure in the deposit of luggage against any probable injury—showed her into a room, and quietly locked the door on the outside. Norah was utterly worn out, and fell asleep—a shivering, starting, uneasy slumber, which lasted for hours.

The detective, meanwhile, had come up with her some time before she entered the hotel, into which he followed her. Asking the landlady to detain her for an hour or so, without giving any reason beyond showing his authority (which made the landlady applaud herself a good deal for having locked her in), he went back to the police-station to report his proceedings. He could have taken her directly; but his object was, if possible, to trace out the man who was supposed to have committed the robbery. Then he heard of the discovery of the brooch; and consequently did not care to return.

Norah slept till even the summer evening began to close in. Then up. Some one was at the door. It would be Mr. Frank; and she dizzily pushed back her ruffled grey hair, which had fallen over her eyes, and stood looking to see him. Instead, there came in Mr. Openshaw and a policeman.

"This is Norah Kennedy," said Mr. Openshaw.

"O, sir," said Norah, "I did not touch the brooch; indeed I did not. O sir, I cannot live to be thought so badly of;" and very sick and faint, she suddenly sank down on the ground. To her surprise, Mr. Openshaw raised her up very tenderly. Even the policeman helped to lay her on the sofa; and, at Mr. Openshaw's desire, he went for some wine and sandwiches; for the poor gaunt woman lay there almost as if dead with weariness and exhaustion.

"Norah!" said Mr. Openshaw, in his kindest voice, "the brooch is found. It was hanging to Mrs. Chadwick's gown. I beg your pardon. Most truly I beg your pardon, for having troubled you about it. My wife is almost broken-hearted. Eat, Norah,—or stay, first drink this glass of wine," said he, lifting her head, pouring a little down her throat.

As she drank, she remembered where she was, and who she was waiting for. She suddenly pushed Mr. Openshaw away, saying, "O, sir, you must go. You must not stop a minute. If he comes back he will kill you."

"Alas, Norah! I do not know who 'he' is. But some one is gone away who will never come back: some one who knew you, and whom I am afraid you cared for."

"I don't understand you, sir," said Norah, her master's kind and sorrowful manner bewildering her yet more than his words. The policeman had left the room at Mr. Openshaw's desire, and they two were alone.

"You know what I mean, when I say some one is gone who will never come back. I mean that he is dead!"

"Who?" said Norah, trembling all over.

"A poor man has been found in the Thames this morning, drowned."

"Did he drown himself?" asked Norah, solemnly.

"God only knows," replied Mr. Openshaw, in the same tone. "Your name and address at our house, were found in his pocket: that, and his purse, were the only things, that were found upon him. I am sorry to say it, my poor Norah; but you are required to go and identify him."

"To what?" asked Norah.

"To say who it is. It is always done, in order that some reason may be discovered for the suicide—if suicide it was. I make no doubt he was the man who came to see you at our house last night. It is very sad, I know." He made pauses between each little clause, in order to try and bring back her senses; which he feared were wandering—so wild and sad was her look.

"Master Openshaw," said she, at last, "I've a dreadful secret to tell you—only you must never breathe it to any one, and you and I must hide it away forever. I thought to have done it all by myself, but I see I cannot. You poor man—yes! the dead, drowned creature is, I fear, Mr. Frank, my mistress's first husband!"

Mr. Openshaw sat down, as if shot. He did not speak; but, after a while, he signed to Norah to go on.

"He came to me the other night—when—God be thanked—you were all away at Richmond. He asked me if his wife was dead or alive. I was a brute, and thought more of your all coming home than of his sore trial: I spoke out sharp, and said she was married again, and very content and happy: I all but turned him away: and now he lies dead and cold!"

"God forgive me!" said Mr. Openshaw.

"God forgive us all!" said Norah. "Yon poor man needs forgiveness perhaps less than any one among us. He had been among the savages—shipwrecked—I know not what—and he had written letters which had never reached my poor missus."

"He saw his child!"

"He saw her—yes! I took him up, to give his thoughts another start; for I believed he was going mad on my hands. I came to seek him here, as I more than half-promised. My mind misgave me when I heard he had never come in. O sir! it must be him!"

Mr. Openshaw rang the bell. Norah was almost too much stunned to wonder at what he did. He asked for writing materials, wrote a letter, and then said to Norah:—

"I am writing to Alice, to say I shall be unavoidably absent for a few days; that I have found you; that you are well, and send her your love, and will come home to-morrow. You must go with me to the Police Court; you must identify the body: I will pay high to keep names and details out of the papers.

"But where are you going, sir?"

He did not answer her directly. Then he said:—

"Norah! I must go with you, and look on the face of the man whom I have so injured, unwittingly, it is true; but it seems to me as if I had killed him. I will lay his head in the grave, as if he were my only brother; and how he must have hated me! I cannot go home to my wife till all that I can do for him is done. Then I go with a dreadful secret on my mind. I shall never speak of it again, after these days are over. I know you will not, either." He shook hands with her: and

they never named the subject again, the one to the other.

Norah went home to Alice the next day. Not a word was said on the cause of her abrupt departure a day or two before. Alice had been charged by her husband in his letter not to allude to the supposed theft of the brooch; so she, implicitly obedient to those whom she loved both by nature and habit, was entirely silent on the subject, only treated Norah with the most tender respect, as if to make up for unjust suspicion.

Nor did Alice inquire into the reason why Mr. Openshaw had been absent during his uncle and aunt's visit, after he had once said that it was unavoidable. He came back grave and quiet; and, from that time forth, was curiously changed. More thoughtful and perhaps less active; quite as decided in conduct, but with new and different rules for the guidance of that conduct. Towards Alice he could hardly be more kind than he had always been; but he now seemed to look upon her as some one sacred and to be treated with reverence, as well as tenderness. He threw in business, and made a large fortune, one half of which was settled upon her.

Long years after these events,—a few months after her mother died, Ailsie and her "father" (as she always called Mr. Openshaw), drove to a cemetery a little way out of town, and she was carried to a certain mound by her maid, who was then sent back to the carriage. There was a head-stone, with F. W. and a date. That was all. Sitting by the grave, Mr. Openshaw told her the story; and for the sad fate of that poor father whom she had never seen, he shed the only tears she ever saw fall from his eyes.

FREE TRADE IN FRANCE.—Opinion in favor of free-trade seems making way in France. At the autumnal meeting of the Agricultural Society of Boulogne, the Sous-Prefect, M. Menche de Soisne, said: "An inquiry which is being made as to the result of the system of liberty under which the corn trade is carried on in England, will soon determine the government as to the measures to be taken. If we are well informed, this inquiry will justify all our anticipations, for it will have proved that free importation and exportation of grain and cattle has been

favorable to cultivators and landlords, in augmenting production and maintaining remunerative prices. Let us, then, have confidence in a government which seeks the truth, and which will know how to conciliate the interests of the consumer with those of the producer. Both statesmen and distinguished writers have devoted themselves to the defence of our agricultural interests, and have more and more pronounced themselves in favor of such a fixed and liberal legislation as would give it the security of which it stands in need."

From *The Christian Observer*.
 DR. JOHNSON.
Letters of James Boswell, addressed to Rev.
J. Temple. R. Bentley. 1857.

WE have prefixed this title to our article, but we do not recommend the work to our readers. Though the story of the way in which it came to light is a strange one, we do not question its truth. But the work itself is worthless; it is an unblushing history of folly and vice. We all know Boswell as the biographer of Johnson: these letters give us what we do not know—a portrait of Boswell himself. That he was vain, forward, and foolish, all the world was aware. That his principles and practice were any thing but strict, we had reason to suspect. But we were not prepared for such a flagrant exhibition of continued licentiousness. His confessions are frank; and they seem to have lost nothing of their openness because they were addressed to a clergyman. But they give such a picture of early profligacy, such perseverance in habits of licentiousness, such ignorance of religion, and such familiarity with vice, that we are sure no one will be either wiser or better for reading them. They have only this advantage, that they show us the habits of the day, and teach us the superiority of Johnson to those with whom he associated. If his practice and opinions are marked by a severe morality, he drew none of this from the society in which he lived. This may serve to illustrate his merit, and to direct us to its source. And we may, therefore, thank this book, however in itself worthless, for recalling us to one whose worth has not been sufficiently estimated, and who, in the midst of his learning, the powers of his conversation, and the variety of his gifts, has not had full justice done to him for the practical religion which guided his life. We shall render, as we think, some service to our readers, and offer them a subject which has by no means lost its interest, if we dwell for a little on the religious opinions of Dr. Johnson, and on the impulses drawn from religion which regulated his life.

In forming a just opinion, we must carefully avoid estimating Dr. Johnson's position from the religious standing which we have reached, and from the knowledge of religion which distinguishes the present age. The age in which Dr. Johnson lived was in one

of the lowest conditions to which religion ever sank in England. He was himself a High Churchman, and he inherited those opinions from his father, and he clung to them with the tenacity which distinguished his character. Towards Dissenters his antipathy was great—a compound of aversion and contempt. Now the only religious movement which broke the apathy of a hundred years came from the Methodists; and the Methodists, as dissenters from the polity of his Church, Dr. Johnson disliked and despised. He was attracted, indeed, to Wesley by his literary attainments and his conversation; but it is doubtful if he ever heard him preach, and he regarded Whitfield as a mountebank and buffoon. Thus tied and bandaged by his opinions, he was held in fetters. He would have regarded it a sin to enter a Methodist tabernacle; and if any accident carried him there, he wore such chain-armor of prejudice as to make him invulnerable against the shafts of eloquence and persuasion. He was confined, therefore, to what he could learn in the Church of England; and the fare which the Church of England's Sermons supplied to its hearers was indeed meagre. Good men were there within the Church, learned men, and prelates of piety; but the sermons usually preached were low-caste moral essays, far inferior to those of Plato or Cicero. That we do not exaggerate in such a statement, we have the highest testimony. The celebrated Blackstone settled in London early in the reign of George the Third. He had a strong curiosity, and he went to listen to every preacher then of note in the Church within London. He said he never heard a sermon which had more of Christianity in it than the works of Cicero; and it would have been impossible for him, from internal evidence, to discover whether the preacher was a believer in Confucius, in Mahomet, or in Christ. Yet it was to these sermons, and to these worthless ministrations, that Dr. Johnson held himself strictly confined. He went there Sunday after Sunday, overcoming his desultory habits, late hours of rising, constitutional indolence and infirmity; resorting there, both in the forenoon and afternoon, with unbending resolution. How sternly he repressed his appetite, that by fasting he might keep his mind clear; how stoutly he refused the calls of society and the pleasures of conversation, in order that he might at-

tend his church—his own journal tells us. And if we consider the melancholy in which he lived, his deep anxiety on his spiritual state, the feeling of awe with which he regarded futurity, we must perceive that, of all men, he was the most prepared, not only to hear, but to welcome the gospel. And, had it been proclaimed in his hearing by a simple and faithful preacher—had it been delivered, without exaggeration indeed, but without reserve—we cannot doubt that the anxious listener, who leant forward with failing ear to catch the words of the preacher, would have hailed it as a message from heaven. Such opportunities were not open to him; and, as far as we can learn, it was only in his last years, and especially during his last illness, that the statement of truth was faithfully made to him. Through life he seems to have been left very much to his own thoughts, and to the erroneous conceptions which abounded in his day. We see in his journal many traces of the impressions then current, misleading and fatal as these were. He thought that it was by his own efforts that he was to work out his salvation. The deficiencies in his work were to be covered by the work of atonement. The idea that all was done, and that we were only to accept and believe it, never crossed his mind.

Independently, however, of the unfavorable influence which arose from the state of his church, there were peculiarities in his own temperament which must be estimated. He was a sufferer from early life from scrofula; he was nearly blinded by it; it had left its mark upon his countenance; and it produced convulsive movements of his limbs. His temperament was thus naturally melancholy—so melancholy that he had always present to his mind the fear of madness, so that he dwelt upon that subject with tenacity, read medical books regarding its symptoms, and harassed his friend Dr. Lawrence with his fears and inquiries. This temperament was accompanied, and in some degree balanced, by a giant's strength and colossal energy. His body was like that of a street porter, and his nerves, partly from nature, and partly through twenty years' discipline of want, were hard as iron. The idea that any one could be affected by climate or weather, moved his contempt. Nothing made him so angry as persons complaining of the want of sunshine or of rain. If a

man shivered in the night air on the river, or complained of a headache when he was travelling, Johnson scolded him for his effeminacy. On the other hand, to this strong frame were given appetites to match. He could live all night out of doors, or work all night as well as all day. He could fast for hours, and bear without flinching the pains of want and hunger; but then, when food was supplied him, he ate it like a savage; he ate till his veins swelled and his face perspired. "Some people," he said, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully." So he ate ravenously and with a voracious relish. If a friend asked him to a plain dinner, he was displeased; when his printer gave him a good dinner, he expressed his high satisfaction. He never drank to excess; but he could drink at a sitting, two bottles of strong port without inconvenience. With these strong appetites, there was an extreme tendency to indolence. He was desultory, and averse to continuous work. He made many resolutions to rise early in the morning; but his habit was to lie in bed till twelve or one. His diary is a running record of resolutions and regrets. He will rise, and he does not rise; he will read books, and he fails; he will restrain his appetites, and they get the better of him; he will keep a regular journal, and his journal is most irregular. As to plans of study, he says, "I have never persisted in any plan for two days together."

There was another feature in his character not to be omitted in a review of his difficulties. He had great courage, great independence, and self-reliance; but these very qualities, which kept him from the low habits and degradation of his contemporaries, were associated with other feelings less to be approved—with a violent pride and impatience of contradiction. If he had not been what he was, he would have probably sunk into the gulf in which literary adventurers disappear; but being as he was, he had to grapple with strong temptations—enemies more subtle but not less powerful. Close beside him lay a masterly pride; and that pride flung its arms round him, and coiled about his nature. It was caressed as a manly emotion, allied to strength of purpose and the consciousness of power. He had shown this pride early. When a pair of new shoes was left as a gift

at the door of his room in college, he haughtily rejected them. Though he was half-starving, he concealed hunger under the affectation of mirth. He said of himself, in after-life, when speaking of this period, "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent; I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and authority." But in later life the same proud spirit appeared. Any error or exaggeration of a conversation, undue blame, too much praise, a doubt thrown on his accuracy, the gentlest contradiction of his argument, aroused in a moment the slumbering lion. The Quaker who spoke of red-hot balls at Gibraltar—the West-Indian traveller who described a hurricane—Mr. Pepys, who disputed his view of Lord Lyttleton—kindled his savage temper, and roused him to petulance and wrath. His friend and admirer, Miss Burney, deplores these bursts of temper, which marred and clouded his later years.

With these strong animal propensities and moral defects, there was united the pernicious influence of society in his day. His constitutional disease, and the melancholy which was the consequence, drove him for refuge into society. But though society ministered to his comfort, though in Mr. Thrale's villa at Streatham he enjoyed every resource which his infirmities required, and in London he had access to the first literary circles, the society which he frequented was neither favorable to reflection, or to just views of religion. The common notion of the day was, that to observe the Sunday was pharisaical and absurd; that to go beyond the most formal attendance once on a Sunday at church, was preposterous; and for a layman to care about religion when its ministers were careless, was a thing unheard of. If, therefore, Dr. Johnson had any earnestness in religion, he did not borrow it from his associates. We turn to the facts, and we find in them proofs of an earnest inquiry into religion, which would have been remarkable in any day, and was marvellous in his own. Let us open his journal, and take almost at random some specimens.

One of the sharpest tests of religious sincerity is that which affliction affords. Dr. Johnson was strongly attached to his wife, and her loss was deeply mourned by him. Two years after this, we find the evidence of a prayer which was wet with his tears.

Twelve years after her loss he thinks of her with his eyes full; and after twenty-six years he is still fancying what she would have enjoyed; observing the day of her death as a day of mourning, and feeling his own pleasures tasteless because she could not share them. We take one of the prayers in which he expresses his religious feelings under the blow:—

"April 24, 1752.—Almighty and most merciful father, who lovest those whom thou punishest, and turnest away thine anger from the penitent, look down with pity upon my sorrows, and grant that the affliction which it has pleased thee to bring upon me may awaken my conscience, enforce my resolutions of a better life, and impress upon me such conviction of thy power and goodness, that I may place in thee my only felicity, and endeavor to please thee in all my thoughts, words, and actions. . . . And now, O Lord, release me from my sorrow, fill me with just hopes, true faith, and holy consolation; and enable me to do my duty in that state of life to which thou hast been pleased to call me, without disturbance from fruitless grief or tumultuous imaginations; that in all my thoughts, words, and actions, I may glorify thy holy name, and finally obtain what I hope thou hast promised to thy departed servant, everlasting joy and felicity, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We add one more, as it illustrates the earnest character of Dr. Johnson's religion. Four years after her death, on the anniversary of the day, he records his feelings, at the early hour of two in the morning, in this prayer:—

"Almighty God, our heavenly father, whose judgments terminate in mercy, grant, I beseech thee, that the remembrance of my wife, whom thou hast taken from me, may not load my soul with unprofitable sorrow, but may excite in me true repentance of my sins and negligences, and, by the co-operation of thy grace, may produce in me a new life pleasing to thee. Grant that the loss of my wife may teach me the true use of the blessings which are yet left me; and that, however, bereft of worldly comfort, I may find peace and refuge in thy service, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

There is throughout Dr. Johnson's prayers a speciality and an honesty which forcibly impress us. He struggles against vain thoughts in church; he resists evil thoughts; he prays for strength against his indolence; and that he might be enabled to attend to the word and worship of God. We trace the

deepening of his spiritual affections, greater interest in Scripture, less of awe and alarm in his approach to the sacrament, and an increasing interest in the religious state of his friends; his constant prayers for his friend Mr. Thrale and his family, his regular prayers with his attached servant Francis Barbour, his faithful advice on many occasions to Boswell, his earnest request to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds that he would give up painting on the Sunday and would study the Bible; all these are significant signs; but no traits are more distinct, and none more touching, than those which concern his mother. Not only did he show his filial affection by working for her and supplying her wants, while he was himself engaged in a sore struggle for livelihood. His sympathy, his constant interest, when her strength was failing; his words and deeds of tenderness are remarkable from such a man. He was needy, he was busy; he wrote "Rasselas" to supply her sick-room with comforts; but he finds time to write to her as follows:—

"The account which Miss Porter gives me of your health pierces my heart. God comfort and preserve you, and save you, for the sake of Jesus Christ." "I would have Miss read to you from time to time the Passion of our Saviour; and sometimes the sentences of the Communion Service, beginning with 'Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" "I have just now read a physical book, which inclines me to think that a strong infusion of the bark would do you good. Do, dear mother, try it."

He sends her money, begs her forgiveness for his omissions, entreats her prayers, and he adds, "I pray often for you."

Not less affecting was his sympathy with the attached servant who had been his mother's attendant. Her death happened eight years after his mother's. He writes that he visited her, desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians we should part with prayer, and that "I would, if she were willing, say a short prayer beside her." She expressed great desire for this, "and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervor, while I prayed kneeling by her." It should be remarked, that the robust coarseness of his natural temperament was here subdued to the liveliest sympathy. Though he hated to hear people whine about metaphysical distresses, as he told Miss Hannah More, yet for want and hunger,

sickness and suffering, his hand and heart were open. If he was busy in providing for his own wants, he was never too busy to help a friend. When every moment was precious to him, he writes to ask Mr. Walton how he can help him: when Kit Smart, half a drunkard and half a madman, needed the help of his pen, it was ready for him: when Sir Joshua Reynolds was recovering from illness, and he thought his company might promote his recovery, "I will not delay a day to come to you:" when his friend Collins was sinking under mental disease, "Poor dear Collins, let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure that I should write to him." To Miss Porter, who had watched his mother through her illness, he writes, "Whenever I can do anything for you, remember, my dear darling, that one of my greatest pleasures is to please you." His house was, in fact, a refuge for the destitute; a poor negro, a broken-down apothecary, a blind querulous old woman were its inmates. They moved with him, as he moved, from lodging to lodging: when some one wondered how he could take an interest in some wretched being, "he is poor and miserable," said Goldsmith, "and that is enough to secure the sympathy of Johnson."

It is true—and we do not deny it—that his temper, his impatience, and his associates offer perpetual inconsistencies and contradictions to his virtues; but those who weigh these things closely must also judge them justly, and must bear in mind the extenuations which we have alleged. When in such society, and in such an age, we find the devotional habits, which Dr. Johnson's journal records, and which Boswell attests; when we find him, through a long life, uniform in vindicating religion, in his daily conversation, against a careless world, we feel that there is satisfactory evidence, both of principle and practice. If this consideration is taken along with the difficulties which he surmounted, and the constitutional temptations which he encountered and overcame, there is truly a remarkable instance of the power of piety. It is well, however, after this general review, to refer to some striking incidents, and to the well-attested particulars of his later years, and of the closing scene.

That there was a change in his character, and a softening in the temper of the man, is evident from the testimony of those who saw him intimately. We find indications of this in the letters of Miss Hannah More. Writing

in 1776, she says that she spent an evening in his society—"Johnson, full of wisdom and piety, was very communicative." She says, on another occasion, in 1781, then when he came to see Mrs. Garrick and herself in the morning, they entered into a discussion on the subject of the Port-Royal authors. "He reproved me with pretended sharpness for reading '*Les Pensées de Pascal*,' or any of the Port-Royal authors, alleging that, as a good Protestant, I ought to abstain from books written by Catholics. I was beginning to stand upon my defence, when he took me with both hands, and with a tear running down his cheeks, 'Child,' said he, with the most affecting earnestness, 'I am heartily glad that you read pious books, by whomsoever they may be written.'" A year and a half before his death, when Hannah More met him in company, she remarks, "He is more mild and complacent than he used to be; his sickness seems to have softened his mind, without having at all weakened it. It was struck with the mild radiance of this setting sun." When we put together the information thus derived, with the particulars recorded by Miss Burney, we are enabled to see somewhat more clearly what was passing in his mind during the last year of his life. It was in the year 1783 that he was struck with paralysis; the attack occurred about four in the morning; he arose, and composed in his mind a prayer in Latin to the Almighty, that however acute might be the pains for which he must prepare himself, it would please Him, through the grace and mediation of our Saviour, to spare his intellects, and to let all his sufferings fall upon his body. As soon as he rallied, he saw Dr. Burney and his favorite Miss Burney; and in one of his interviews with her during that year, when he spoke to her of some bad symptoms which had displayed themselves, he added, earnestly, "*Ah, priez Dieu pour moi*." The next insight we have is at a visit of Miss Burney's, made to him a month before his death; the last time, indeed, she ever saw him. He detained her long, and seemed unwilling to part with her; and, when at length she was going, he called her back, and with great energy, and a solemn voice, he said, "Remember me in your prayers." Miss Hannah More informs us, what we should have gathered from the incidental remarks of Miss Burney, that the fear of death, which had long been a prevailing sentiment, con-

tinued during the last year of his life. "I am grieved," she writes, "to find that his mind is still a prey to melancholy, and that the fear of death operates on him to the destruction of his peace; it is grievous, it is unaccountable; he who has the Christian hope and the best foundation, whose faith is strong, whose morals are irreproachable; but I am willing to ascribe it to bad nerves and bodily disease."

In one of the intimate conversations which Dr. Johnson held with one of his friends several years before, he had said that there never was a day passed by him in which the fear of death had not weighed upon his spirits; and that the whole of life had been a struggle to repress the thought of that solemn hour. In the last year of his life, these feelings, as we learn from his letter to Dr. Taylor, were not abated. "Oh! my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful; I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid; it is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had." He is still watching his symptoms with the utmost anxiety, hailing every sign of improvement, and depressed by every symptom of disease. If he writes that he can resume his walks, and feels neither breathless nor fatigued, he hopes that he shall support a winter at home, and once more meet his friends at the Literary Club. On the other hand, the death of others makes him dwell upon the prospect of his own. A few months before his death he writes to Dr. Burney: "Wherever I turn, the dead or the dying meet my notice, and force my attention upon misery and mortality. I struggle hard for life: I take physic, and take air; my friend's chariot is always ready; we have run this morning twenty-four miles, and could run forty-eight more; but who can run the race with death?"

He says to his favorite Miss Burney, in the end of 1783, "The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens, but I will not terrify myself by talking of them. *Ah! priez Dieu pour moi*." "Good and excellent as he is, how can he so fear death?"

To his beloved friend Mr. Langton he says, "Of my health I cannot tell you what my wishes persuaded me to expect, that it is much improved by the season or by remedies." And then, after stating the symptoms, "This is my history,—like all other histories, a history of misery;" or, as he says to another

friend, "It is time to conclude the tale of misery."

But while these fears and bodily sufferings oppressed him, his trials were increased by the state of his mind. His rooted conviction remained, that we were to work out a title to salvation by meritorious acts and by penitence for sin. Thus, in conversing with Mr. White, he stated that he had been disobedient to his father, and that he felt pride to be the cause. "A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." In his last year he surprised not a little Mr. Henderson, by acknowledging, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that God was infinitely good.

"Dr. Johnson.—That he is infinitely good as far as the perfection of his nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, he is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be sure that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I am one of those who shall be damned."

"But may not a man attain to such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?"

"Johnson.—A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair."

"Mrs. Adams.—You seem, sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer."

"Johnson.—Madam, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said he will set some on his right hand and some on his left.' He was in gloomy agitation, and said, 'I'll have no more on't.'"

In the same manner, in one of the last conversations which he held with his friends, while they were comforting him by referring to the works which he had written in defence of virtue and religion, he had said, "Admitting all you urge to be true, how can I tell when I have done enough?" And in harmony with these impressions of anxious doubts unrelieved, he told Sir John Hawkins, in the February of his last year, with a look that cut him to his heart, that he had the prospect of death before him, and that he dreaded to meet his Saviour. We cannot wonder that,

in a mind so thoughtful and so unsatisfied, there should have remained an overhanging apprehension which clouded all the pleasures of life. Only in his last year, when he was describing his misery, and that he had never passed a day which he would desire to live again, it was observed to him that it seemed strange that he who had so often delighted his company by his lively and brilliant conversation should say he was miserable. Johnson: "Alas! it is all outside. I may be cracking my joke, and cursing the sun. Sun! how I hate thy beams." Such was the state of Johnson's mind, as proved by the most abundant evidence, up to the last months of his life. That it was a state most harassing to himself, he himself is the witness. That it was not satisfactory to those who regarded him with affectionate sympathy, is also clear. Among those who desired to impress him with a very different view, and who had access to his mind, was the Moravian Bishop, Mr. Latrobe. He is mentioned by Boswell among Johnson's intimate friends; and the discipline of his church, as well as the gentleness of his character, induced Johnson to treat him with confidence. His views of religion were very different from those we have described, and he took frequent opportunities of placing them before the great moralist. So much did Dr. Johnson regard him, that he requested his presence during his last illness; and though his absence prevented this, and he only arrived in time to pray by his bedside, Dr. Johnson showed that he was sensible of his presence and grateful for it. But though we have little doubt that Mr. Latrobe's conversation had effect in preparing Dr. Johnson's mind, it is evident that it was not from Mr. Latrobe that the impulse came which led to the decisive change. That a great change came upon Dr. Johnson during the concluding part of his last illness, we have evidence which it is impossible to question. His fears and his peculiar belief have been already described. His will, which is extant, and which was written on the 9th of December, while his death occurred on the 13th, shows that a change had taken place, and that his fears were gone. "I bequeath to God," he says, "a soul polluted by many sins, but, I hope, purified by Jesus Christ." Boswell adds:—

"Dr. Broekelsby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following account: 'For some time before his death,

all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ. Since I saw you [writes Mr. Boswell] I have had a long conversation with Cawston, who sat up with Dr. Johnson from nine o'clock on Sunday evening till ten o'clock on Monday morning; and from what I can gather from him, it should seem that Dr. Johnson was perfectly composed, steady in hope and resigned in death. At the interval of each hour, they assisted him to sit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain, when he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer; and though sometimes his voice failed him, his sense never did during that time."

Cawston says, that no man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at the thoughts of the approaching minute.

These accounts are confirmed by Dr. Burney, who speaks of the touching prayer which Dr. Johnson poured forth for his friends and himself; and by the testimony of the many who saw him, which Miss Burney thus records:—

"Dec. 10.—At night, my father brought in the most dismal tidings of dear Dr. Johnson. Dr. Warren had seen him, and told him to take what opium he pleased. He had thanked and taken leave of all his physicians. I hear from every one he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death. I am thankfully happy in hearing that he speaks himself now of the change his mind has undergone from its dark horror, and says he feels the irradiation of hope."

In what did that change consist, and when and how did it come? What the change was, is attested by his own prayers. On the 12th of August, 1784, he thus writes:—

"O Lord, my maker and protector! who hast graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which thou hast required."

Here his mind is absorbed in his own work, and is leaning on his own performance.

On the 5th of December he composes the following prayer:—

"Almighty and most merciful father, I am now, as to human eyes, it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of thy son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope

and confidence may be in his merits and thy mercy. Forgive and accept my late conversion. Enforce and accept my imperfect repentance," &c.

So great was the change, that, while he had hitherto regarded death as terrible, and had his eye fixed with anxiety on his own works and merits, to the same friend, Sir John Hawkins, he said, on the 28th of November:—

"I have, at times, entertained a loathing of sin and of myself, particularly at the beginning of this year, when I had the prospect of death before me, and this has not abated when my fears of death have been less; and at these times I have had such rays of hope shot into my soul as have almost persuaded me that I am in a state of reconciliation with God."

This great change can be decisively traced. We do not mean that it was sudden, and the result of impulse. We believe rather that it was promoted by many influences, and that the light broke slowly, like that which spreads in the evening as the clouds slowly disperse from a sky long obscured. But the time of the change, and the convictions by which it was wrought, have been set before us with a clearness which removes all reasonable doubt.

It appears that it was a letter from a clergyman, Mr. Winstanley, which was the instrument permitted by God to bring his mind to a quiet trust. In answer to the anxious question, written to Mr. Winstanley by the dying moralist, "What shall I do to be saved?" Mr. Winstanley wrote,—"I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." That passage had been often read by him, and had made but a slight impression; now, pressed home by the gracious spirit, it went straight to his heart. He interrupted the friend who was reading the letter,—"*Does he say so? Read it again!*" And he then earnestly begged that the writer might be sent for, that he might hear from him a confirmation of the truth. The state of Mr. Winstanley's health and nerves made an interview impossible; but he wrote, enforcing the truth. We have no doubt that this was well for Dr. Johnson's mind. He, whose life had been passed among men; who had derived his chief pleasure from their society, and leant upon their friendship, was taught that he must look for comfort in religion from a different source, and that, as God only

was the mediator, the spirit of God alone could be the comforter. That that comfort was effectual, we have already shown from abundant evidence; but on what it was founded is proved by the memorable conversation which Dr. Johnson held with his physician, Dr. Brockelsby. A little before he died, he turned to him with great earnestness,—“Doctor,” he said, “you are a worthy man, and my friend; but I am afraid you are not a Christian. What can I do better for you than offer up in your presence a prayer to the Great God, that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word?” Instantly he fell upon his knees, and put up a fervent prayer. When he got up, he caught hold of his hand with great earnestness, and cried, “Doctor, you do not say, Amen.” the Doctor looked foolish, but after a pause, cried “Amen.” Johnson said, “My dear Doctor, believe a dying man; there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God.”

With this witness Dr. Johnson died. With

his reason unclouded, and with the strength of an intellect which sickness did not subdue, he gave this remarkable testimony to a simple faith in Christ—a testimony specially valuable at the time when it was delivered.

Why from this anxious spirit the clear view of truth was so long withheld—why the light arose upon his mind in the evening of life after a weary time of doubt and darkness—are questions we are, perhaps, not called upon to examine; which, at all events, it would demand a long and cautious inquiry to resolve. From this we abstain; enough for us to know, that this man of high philosophy and vigorous thought reached the resting-place of a Christian's hope in the same way as the weakest among us may gain it—on his knees; and that the peasant, who hears the gospel, and accepts it with a child-like trust, enjoys through life a peace which the great moralist only reached on his death-bed, and which he then felt to convey a pleasure immeasurably greater than that which is derived from the acquirements of learning, the esteem of society, and the utmost splendor of fame.

A SCENE IN THE VAL MASTALONE.—Again the mountains closed in, and seemed to imprison us; the road entered a deep, dark gorge, shut in by huge, overwhelming rocks; and the torrent, which had dropped gradually deeper and deeper below us, at this point entered the rift at so awful a depth that the sound of its rushing waters was lost. At first the darkness was almost palpable, and the damp, raw feeling was like that of a cavern. A low parapet of large stones just kept us from stepping over the edge, and, heaving some of them over, they plunged into the abyss, thundering down on the sides of the narrow chasm; though the sound of the last plunge never reached our ears, as if lost in a bottomless well. Keeping E. on my left, under the rock, for safety, I groped along by the parapet, with the help of my alpenstock, and the once more friendly light of Jupiter, which shone dimly down into the narrow rift; when, just in time to save us, my alpenstock suddenly met no footing, and, shouting hurriedly to E. to stop! we paused on the very brink of an abyss into which one step more would have hurled us headlong. Still it seemed hardly possible that the road, well beaten and without a single obstruction to the very edge, could end thus suddenly; and we groped cau-

tiously about for some little time, trying whether there were not some narrow pathway round the shoulder of the rock, and as we afterwards found to our imminent peril; but it was soon evident that it stopped at the edge of the precipice. E. was anxious to make further trial, imagining there must be some track, but, now knowing the peril, I determined to turn back and confer with Delapierre. When, after some time, we met him, he would not believe that we had not made a mistake, and we all returned to the dark gorge to make a final trial, leaving E. at its entrance with Morn. However, after he had groped about and examined the edge of the road and face of the rock in every direction, he was at last convinced of the fact, and expressed his unfeigned horror at our fearful escape—a feeling in which we fully shared. We afterwards returned by daylight to visit and examine the place, which we found was the famous chasm of the “*orrido e meraviglioso Ponte della Gula*,” as a local guide calls it; and celebrated as one of the greatest wonders of the country, both for the majestic grandeur of its scenery, and the awe-inspiring situation in which the old, crazy bridge is built.—*The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps*, by the Rev. S. W. King, M.A.

From the Christmas number of Household Words.

THREE EVENINGS IN THE HOUSE.

NUMBER ONE.

I.

Yes, it look'd dark and dreary
That long and narrow street.
Only the sound of the rain,
And the tramp of passing feet,
The duller glow of the fire,
And gathering mists of night
To mark how slow and weary
The long day's cheerless flight:

II.

Watching the sullen fire,
Hearing the dreary rain,
Drop after drop, run down
On the darkening window-pane.
Chill was the heart of Bertha,
Chill as that winter day,—
For the star of her life had risen
Only to fade away.

III.

The voice that had been so strong
To bid the snare depart,
The true and earnest will,
And the calm and steadfast heart,
Were now weigh'd down by sorrow,
Were quivering now with pain;
The clear path now seem'd clouded,
And all her grief in vain.

IV.

Duty, Right, Truth, who promised
To help and save their own,
Seem'd spreading wide their pinions
To leave her there alone.
So, turning from the present
To well-known days of yore,
She call'd on them to strengthen
And guard her soul once more.

V.

She thought how in her girlhood
Her life was given away,
The solemn promise spoken
She kept so well to-day;
How to her brother Herbert,
She had been help and guide,
And how his artist-nature
On her calm strength relied.

VI.

How through life's fret and turmoil
The passion and fire of art
In him was soothed and quicken'd
By her true sister heart;
How future hopes had always
Been for his sake alone;
And now, what strange new feeling
Possess'd her as its own?

VII.

Her home; each flower that breathed there;
The wind's sigh, soft and low;
Each trembling spray of ivy;
The river's murmuring flow;
The shadow of the forest;
Sunset, or twilight dim;

Dear as they were, were dearer
By leaving them for him.

VIII.

And each year as it found her
In the dull, feverish town,
Saw self still more forgotten,
And selfish care kept down
By the calm joy of evening
That brought him to her side,
To warn him with wise counsel,
Or praise with tender pride.

IX.

Her heart, her life, her future,
Her genius, only meant
Another thing to give him,
And be therewith content.
To-day, what words had stirr'd her,
Her soul could not forget?
What dream had fill'd her spirit
With strange and wild regret?

X.

To leave him for another:
Could it indeed be so?
Could it have cost such anguish
To bid this vision go?
Was this her faith? Was Herbert
The second in her heart?
Did it need all this struggle
To bid a dream depart?

XI.

And yet, within her spirit
A far-off land was seen;
A home, which might have held her;
A love, which might have been;
And life: not the mere being
Of daily ebb and flow,
But life itself had claim'd her,
And she had let it go!

XII.

Within her heart there echo'd
Again the well-known tone
That promised this bright future,
And ask'd her for its own:
Then words of sorrow, broken
By half-reproachful pain;
And then a farewell, spoken
In words of cold disdain.

XIII.

Where now was the stern purpose
That nerved her soul so long?
Whence came the words she utter'd,
So hard, so cold, so strong?
What right had she to banish
A hope that God had given?
Why must she choose earth's portion,
And turn aside from Heaven?

XIV.

To-day! Was it this morning?
If this long, fearful strife
Was but the work of hours,
What would be years of life?
Why did a cruel Heaven
For such great suffering call?
And why—Oh, still more cruel!—
Must her own words do all?

XV.

Did she repent? O Sorrow!
 Why do we linger still
 To take thy loving message,
 And do thy gentle will?
 See, her tears fall more slowly;
 The passionate murmurs cease,
 And back upon her spirit
 Flow strength, and love, and peace.

XVI.

The fire burns more brightly,
 The rain has passed away,
 Herbert will see no shadow
 Upon his home to-day;
 Only that Bertha greets him
 With doubly tender care,
 Kissing a fonder blessing
 Down on his golden hair.

NUMBER TWO.

I.

THE studio is deserted,
 Palette and brush laid by,
 The sketch rests on the easel,
 The paint is scarcely dry;
 And Silence—who seems always
 Within her depths to bear
 The next sound that will utter—
 Now holds a dumb despair.

II.

So Bertha feels it: listening
 With breathless, stony fear,
 Waiting the dreadful summons
 Each minute brings more near:
 When the young life, now ebbing,
 Shall fail, and pass away
 Into that mighty shadow
 Who shrouds the house to-day.

III.

But why—when the sick chamber
 Is on the upper floor—
 Why dares not Bertha enter
 Within the close-shut door?
 If he—her all—her brother,
 Lies dying in that gloom,
 What strange mysterious power
 Has sent her from the room?

IV.

It is not one week's anguish
 That can have changed her so;
 Joy has not died here lately,
 Struck down by one quick blow;
 But cruel months have needed
 Their long, relentless chain,
 To teach that shrinking manner
 Of helpless, hopeless pain.

V.

The struggle was scarce over
 Last Christmas-eve had brought:
 The fibres still were quivering
 Of the one wounded thought,
 When, Herbert—who, unconscious,
 Had guessed no inward strife—
 Bade her, in pride and pleasure,
 Welcome his fair, young wife.

VI.

Bade her rejoice, and smiling,
 Although his eyes were dim,
 Thank'd God he thus could pay her
 The care she gave to him.
 This fresh, bright life would bring her
 A new and joyous fate—
 O Bertha, check the murmur
 That cries, Too late! too late!

VII.

Too late! Could she have known it
 A few short weeks before,
 That his life was completed,
 And needing hers no more,
 She might— Oh sad repining!
 What "might have been," forget;
 "It was not," should suffice us
 To stifle vain regret.

VIII.

He needed her no longer,
 Each day it grew more plain;
 First with a startled wonder,
 Then with a wondering pain.
 Love: why, his wife best gave it;
 Comfort: durst Bertha speak?
 Counsel: when quick resentment
 Flush'd on the young wife's cheek

IX.

No more long talks by firelight
 Of childish times long past,
 And dreams of future greatness
 Which he must reach at last;
 Dreams, where her purer instinct
 With truth unerring told
 Where was the worthless gilding
 And where refined gold.

X.

Slowly, but surely ever,
 Dora's poor, jealous pride,
 Which she call'd love for Herbert,
 Drove Bertha from his side.
 And, spite of nervous effort
 To share their alter'd life,
 She felt a check to Herbert,
 A burden to his wife.

XI.

This was the least; for Bertha
 Fear'd, dreaded, *knew* at length,
 How much his nature owed her
 Of truth and power and strength;
 And watch'd the daily failing
 Of all his nobler part:
 Low aims, weak purpose telling
 In lower, weaker art.

XII.

And now, when he is dying,
 The last words she could hear
 Must not be hers, but given
 The bride of one short year.
 The last care is another's;
 The last prayer must not be
 The one they learnt together
 Beside their mother's knee.

XIII.

Summon'd at last: she kisses
The clay-cold stiffening hand;
And, reading pleading efforts
To make her understand,
Answers, with solemn promise,
In clear but trembling tone,
To Dora's life henceforward
She will devote her own.

XIV.

Now all is over. Bertha
Dares not remain to weep,
But soothes the frightened Dora
Into a sobbing sleep.
The poor, weak child will need her,
Oh, who can dare complain,
When God sends a new duty
To comfort each new pain!

NUMBER THREE.

I.

THE house is all deserted
In the dim evening gloom,
Only one figure passes
Slowly from room to room;
And pausing at each doorway,
Seems gathering up again
Within her heart the relics
Of bygone joy and pain.

II.

There is an earnest longing
In those who onward gaze,
Looking with weary patience
Towards the coming days,
There is a deeper longing,
More sad, more strong, more keen:
Those know it who look backward,
And yearn for what has been.

III.

At every hearth she pauses,
Touches each well-known chair;
Gazes from every window,
Lingers on every stair.
What have these months brought Bertha
Now one more year is past?
This Christmas-eve shall tell us,
The third one and the last.

IV.

The wilful, wayward Dora,
In those first weeks of grief,
Could seek and find in Bertha
Strength, soothing, and relief.
And Bertha—last sad comfort
True woman-heart can take—
Had something still to suffer
And do for Herbert's sake.

V.

Spring with her western breezes,
From Indian islands bore
To Bertha news that Leonard
Would seek his home once more.
What was it—joy, or sorrow?
What were they—hopes, or fears?
That flush'd her cheeks with crimson,
And fill'd her eyes with tears?

IV.

He came. And who so kindly
Could ask and hear her tell
Herbert's last hours; for Leonard
Had known and loved him well.
Daily he came; and Bertha
Poor, weary heart at length,
Weigh'd down by other's weakness,
Could rest upon his strength.

VII.

Yet not the voice of Leonard
Could her true care beguile,
That turn'd to watch, rejoicing,
Dora's reviving smile.
So, from that little household
The worst gloom pass'd away,
The one bright hour of evening
Lit up the livelong day.

VIII.

Days pass'd; the golden summer
In sudden heat bore down
Its blue, bright, glowing sweetness
Upon the scorching town.
And sights and sounds of country
Came in the warm soft tune
Sung by the honey'd breezes
Borne on the wings of June.

IX.

One twilight hour, but earlier
Than usual, Bertha thought
She knew the fresh sweet fragrance
Of flowers that Leonard brought;
Through open'd doors and windows
It stole up through the gloom,
And with appealing sweetness
Drew Bertha from her room.

X.

Yes, he was there; and pausing
Just near the open'd door,
To check her heart's quick beating,
She heard—and paused still more—
His low voice—Dora's answers—
His pleading—Yes, she knew
The tone—the words—the accents:
She once had heard them too.

XI.

"Would Bertha blame her?" Leonard's
Low, tender answer came:
"Bertha was far too noble
To think or dream of blame."
"And was he sure he loved her?"
"Yes, with the one love given
Once in a lifetime only,
With one soul and one heaven!"

XII.

Then came a plaintive murmur,—
"Dora had once been told
That he and Bertha"—"Dearest,
Bertha is far too cold
To love; and I, my Dora,
If once I fancied so,
It was a brief delusion,
And over,—long ago."

XIII.

Between the past and present,
On that bleak moment's height,
She stood. As some lost traveller
By a quick flash of light
Seeing a gulf before him,
With dizzy, sick despair,
Reels to clutch backward, but to find
A deeper chasm there.

XIV.

The twilight grew still darker,
The fragrant flowers more sweet,
The stars shone out in heaven,
The lamps gleam'd down the street;
And hours pass'd in dreaming
Over their new-found fate,
Ere they could think of wondering
Why Bertha was so late.

XV.

She came, and calmly listen'd;
In vain they strove to trace
If Herbert's memory shadow'd
In grief upon her face.
No blame, no wonder show'd there,
No feeling could be told;
Her voice was not less steady,
Her manner not more cold.

XVI.

They could not hear the anguish
That broke in words of pain
Through that calm summer midnight,—
"My Herbert—mine again!"
Yes, they have once been parted,
But this day shall restore
The long-lost one: she claims him;
"My Herbert—mine once more!"

XVII.

Now Christmas-eve returning,
Saw Bertha stand beside
The altar, greeting Dora,
Again a smiling bride;
And now the gloomy evening
Sees Bertha pale and worn,
Leaving the house forever,
To wander out forlorn.

XVIII.

Forlorn—nay, not so. Anguish
Shall do its work at length;
Her soul, pass'd through the fire,
Shall gain still purer strength.
Somewhere there waits for Bertha
An earnest, noble part;
And meanwhile, God is with her,—
God, and her own true heart!

THE IRISH TENANT AT WILL.

THE LAST SONG OF THE "NATION."

To-night my fire is faint and low,
Outside it rains, and the chill winds blow;

The rain falls loud on the sodden ground,
And the stream runs by with a threat'ning
sound.

My heart is heavy; but many a day
Since 'twas light or joyful have pass'd away;
The sun shines often on field and tree,
But 'tis always cheerless and cold with me,

A dark shape stands on my cabin floor,
Its finger points to the lowly door,
Summer and winter, in gloom or light
It frowns before me, by day and night.

I go to toil on my little farm—
It follows on, with its outstretched arm!
In vain I labor, I curse, or pray—
It stands and bids me "Away! Away!"

'Tis the landlord's notice—that shape of fear,
Renewed, sustained through the livelong year
Chilling my life blood hour by hour
With the blighting threat of a deadly power!

When morning brightens the eastern skies
From a troubled sleep unrefresh'd I rise,
And I know not whether when evening falls
I may dare to enter these humble walls.

I dig and plough, but I never know
If my hands shall gather the crop I sow,
And the crop I gather, though good it be,
Brings never plenty or peace to me.

I pour my sweat on the soil like rain,
I coin my blood—for another's gain;
The more I add to the land's rich bloom
The nearer bring I my threaten'd doom.

My little son, now to boyhood grown,
Has a little garden he calls "his own";
He has planted saplings and wild flows'r there,
And he says 'tis safe in his father's care.

My darling knows not how many a start
His prattlings sends to his father's heart,
Nor knows the pang that he wakes the while
His mother lists with a sadden'd smile.

My poor, pale wife! even now I hear,
The landlord's name in her murmur'd pray'r,
And I hear her say in her high appeal,
"May the Saviour soften his heart of steel!"

Pray, Mary darling!—pray on asthore!
My heart is crushed, I can pray no more;
A fire lights up in my tortured brain,
And the world around takes a crimson stain.

Pray, Mary darling!—pray on machree!
For your own dear self and my children three.
My soul is wrapped in a hell-red glare,
I must walk abroad—LET WHO WILL BEWARE!
T. D. S.

From The Boston Courier.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased, from the Earliest Accounts to the middle of the Nineteenth Century, containing thirty thousand Biographies and Literary Notices, with forty Indexes of Subjects. By S. Austin Allibone. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson; royal 8vo. pp. 1005.

THIS is a truly wonderful work; wonderful for the prodigious industry with which it has been prepared, the wide field from which its materials have been drawn, and the immense mass of matter which is presented in a condensed and compact form for edification and delectation. It is a book especially addressed to those who love books—who possess them, or mean to possess them—and whose eyes are recreated, and whose hearts are exhilarated, by the sight of portly quartos, goodly octavos, shapely duodecimos, clad in a comely vesture of morocco, Russia, or calf, with gilding tastefully interspersed. The advent of such a manual of reference is a red-letter day in the life of an enthusiastic bibliomaniac; and the delight and gratitude with which he must receive it will only be allowed by a feeling of regret that it had not come earlier in life, and of sadness at the thought of the unhappy years he had wasted without it. The first impulse of his heart will be to illuminate his house—to send for a band of music—to invite his friends to dinner—to open the most cherished bin in his cellar—and to drink the health of Allibone with all the honors. Dear, garrulous, gossiping Dr. Dibden, why are you not alive to welcome this capital accession to the shelves of bibliography, and to lavish upon it all your adjectives of laudation!

But our readers, naturally enough, may wish to know what the book is that awakens in us a strain of jubilant enthusiasm so unlike our usual critical impassiveness. We will tell them what it is. It is the first volume of a dictionary which contains, or is to contain, the name of every man, living and dead, who has written one or more books, and gained any sort of a place in literature, in England or America. Here they are all to be found, from Alcuin, Bede and Alfred—who have been dust for a thousand years—down to Mr. Butler, the author of "Nothing to Wear," and Mr. Aldrich, the author of "Babie Bell." Here are the stars of the first, second, and third magnitudes—each in its own sphere, and

each shining with its own peculiar glory; and here, too, are the farthing candles and the rush-lights that have fluttered and sputtered for a brief season, and thrown their light over a minute space. For instance, five solid columns are given to the life and writings of Joseph Addison; but Joseph Addison, like all the rest of mankind, had a father; and his name was Lancelot, and he was a cerygman—a respectable old gentleman, we doubt not, in wig and small clothes, and not averse to port wine; and this said Lancelot was also a blotter of paper, and in twelve lines Mr. Allibone tells us who he was and what he did. And here they stand, son and father, side by side, the cedar of Lebanon and the hyssop on the wall.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that this dictionary is merely a catalogue of the names of authors and of their books—simply an enlargement and expansion of Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*: it is something more and better than this. Brief biographical notices are given of all writers of any note and consideration, living or dead; and a very copious array of critical notices and literary judgments is appended to such names as have been conspicuous enough to call them forth. These critical notices have been culled from a great variety of sources, and do much honor to Mr. Allibone's industry, showing as they do, an immense range of reading. But we frankly say that we think they have been bestowed upon us in rather a more liberal measure than is needed, and that Mr. Allibone in his second volume will not be found fault with, if he puts us upon a shorter allowance. Second rate criticism is not of much value; and where there is so much, some of it must be second rate.

But the fact that this dictionary contains so many biographical sketches and literary notices makes it something more than a mere book of reference. It is a pleasant book to take up and turn over the leaves of in the unoccupied moments of life, the bits and fragments of the day that are too short for any continuous reading. By searching, the diligent reader may find many entertaining anecdotes—many curious facts—many brilliant observations upon the lives and writings of men of genius—hidden away in the general mass of names, dates, and titles, like veins of gold in beds of quartz. Under the head of Lord Byron, for instance, we come upon two interesting origi-

nal communications, one from Mr. Everett and one from Mr. Ticknor, giving their recollections of the noble poet's appearance, manners, and conversation. From that of Mr. Ticknor we take the following characteristic trait: "While he was talking in this way, Sir James Bland Burgess—a fourth or fifth rate poet, who wrote 'The Exodjal' with Cumberland, and a part of whose epic on Richard the Lion-Hearted Lord Byron says in his 'Hints from Horace' he found at Malta, lining a trunk—came suddenly into the room, and said abruptly: 'My Lord! my Lord! a great battle has been fought in the low countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated.' 'But is it true?' said Lord Byron, 'is it true?' 'Yes, my Lord, it is certainly true. An aid-de-camp arrived in town last night; he has been in Downing St. this morning, and I have just seen him as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is now in full retreat towards Paris. After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, 'I am d—d sorry for it;' and then after another slight pause, he added, 'I didn't know but that I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole; but I suppose I shan't now.'"

For the benefit of such of our readers as like well-defined facts and strict accuracy of statement, we take occasion to say that the volume before us contains the letters from A. to J. inclusive, that the type is minion and nonpareil, that the page is printed in double columns, and that the number of words is upwards of two million. In bulk of typographical matter it is equal to about fourteen such volumes as those in which the histories of Bancroft and Prescott are presented. The retail price of each of these volumes is two dollars; but that of the book before us—the first volume of the Dictionary—is but five dollars; so that it is a work of extraordinary cheapness as well as extraordinary merit. Indeed, nothing but a very large sale can ever remunerate the publishers for their enterprising liberality of outlay in getting it up.

Not merely to the general reader, whose taste in books is comprehensive and catholic is this manual of reference addressed; but those who walk in a particular path, and cultivate a special corner of the great field of letters, will find it a good guide and a safe help. The divine, by its light, can pick his way through the palpable obscure of theological controversy, and that vast cemetery in

which the bones of defunct sermons are quietly reposing. We notice, too, that particular attention has been paid to legal bibliography, so that the practising lawyer, who looks upon polite literature with no more respect than the miller does the blue and white flowers that grow amid the corn, will not be able to show cause why he should not buy it, but the rule will be made absolute at once.

The entire work—of which we have now one-half—will be comprised in two volumes; and at the end there will be found forty copious indexes of subjects, by the help of which the reader can at once refer to all the authors who have written upon any given department of letters. This will be of material value to scholars, and add much to the usefulness of the work.

Of course, no reasonable being expects that a work like this, of such compass and extent, will be immaculate. We have noticed occasionally a slip of the pen, and now and then an omission; and we have no doubt that a sharp and minute examination, made for the purpose of finding defects, would reveal more of both. Blemishes of this kind cannot essentially impair the value of a manual of reference like this: the mistakes can be corrected in another edition, and the omissions can be given in a supplement. But "what is the chaff to the wheat?"

The dictionary, as a whole, is very copious and very correct. It presents in a compact form a vast mass of literary information, in general as remarkable for accuracy as for fulness. We chronicle its appearance as a noticeable event in the literary history of the country. It is most honorable to the compiler, Mr. Allibone; giving evidence, as it does, not merely of patient toil that has never waxed faint, but of taste, judgment, and skill. It is honorable to the publishers who, for the sake of good letters, have been willing to send out a large invoice of capital upon a voyage that will be long before it begins to make returns. It is creditable to the country, for such a work could not have been undertaken by men so sagacious and experienced as Messrs. Childs & Peterson, if they had not felt assured that such a love of knowledge and taste, for reading had been diffused through the community as made it ripe for the reception of such a manual. Of its ultimate success we can have no doubt; the result can only be a question of time.

From the Critic.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LECTURES.

Dr. Livingstone's Cambridge Lectures. Together with a Prefatory Letter, by the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited with an Introduction, Life of Dr. Livingstone, Notes, and Appendix, by the Rev. William Monk, M.A., &c., with a Portrait and Map; also a large Map, by Arrowsmith. The whole being a Compendium of Information on the Central South African Question. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.

Of the two hundred and seventy-four which compose this volume only forty-seven pages, or a little more than a sixth part of the whole, are occupied with Dr. Livingstone's Lectures. Yet shall we not exclaim, "Oh, monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"—for the sack is of the finest, and contrasts favorably with those "thin potatoes" which are but too often served up at the literary banquet. Professor Sedgwick's name alone appearing on the title-page as one of the *collaborateurs* would be a sufficient recommendation of this work; but no one can thoroughly appreciate the value of his prefatory letter without perusing it from beginning to end. It contains a perfect digest of Dr. Livingstone's two great journeys, and assists the reader greatly in forming a true estimate of the benefits conferred upon civilization and science by the labors of our enterprising traveller. Added to this is a life of Dr. Livingstone by the editor, with a copious appendix from the same hand, illustrating many topics upon which the lecturer could but barely touch in two short addresses. In this appendix Mr. Monk considers and discusses Dr. Livingstone's explorations under four aspects, viz., the historical, the scientific, the ethnological, and the moral and religious; in each of which he shows that we are indebted to him to an extent that few are aware of. Persons who have not read Dr. Livingstone's large work, or who have done so in only a superficial way, may peruse this appendix with great advantage.

We shall now proceed to speak of the lectures themselves, which were delivered to crowded audiences at Cambridge, on the 4th and 5th of December last—the first in the Senate House of the University, under the presidency of the Vice-Chancellor; and the second, under that of the Mayor, in the Town Hall.

Dr. Livingstone's principal object in delivering them was to rouse a spirit of missionary enterprise among the younger portion of his audience. With what effect remains to be seen. But, at all events, he was received in a manner which proves that the University "is as ready as ever to recognize merit, advance science, encourage philanthropy, and promote religion." Dr. Livingstone's fame had travelled before him.

"The Senate-house scene (says the editor) was worthy of the most graphic painting which pen or pencil could portray. There was a solemn majesty about it which all present must have felt. It was an uncommon occasion. Cambridge elevation and culture came suddenly into contact with the mighty questions of African degradation and progress."

Such in fact was the enthusiasm that Professor Sedgwick, who has witnessed all the installations and receptions that have taken place there during the last half-century, declares that it exceeded them all. There were present Dr. Whewell, Professor Sedgwick, the Astronomer Royal, Professor Selwyn, Dr. Bateson, and other luminaries of the University too numerous to be mentioned. The building was crowded to excess, and the lecturer was received with volley after volley of cheers. Upon commencing his address he modestly apologized for the imperfection of his language, in the following terms:—

"When I went to Africa about seventeen years ago I resolved to acquire an accurate knowledge of the native tongues; and as I continued while there to speak generally in the African languages, the result is that I am not now very fluent in my own; but if you will excuse my imperfections under that head, I will endeavor to give you as clear an idea of Africa as I can."

Presently, however, the speaker grows eloquent. There is great simplicity in his language, no aiming at rhetorical effect, no tropes or metaphors, and no high-flown poetic diction. The story that he has to tell is a wonderful one; namely, of eleven thousand miles of travel in the fable land of Africa, across deserts and through morasses never visited by white man before; mingling with strange tribes, learning their uncouth languages, and making himself acquainted with their degrading superstitions, in order that he might substitute for them some knowledge, however slight, of the pure religion of Christianity. In describing such things the man is earnest,

and therefore eloquent: he wishes his hearers to realize the importance of the work upon which he was engaged; and he dwells more upon that, and upon the prospect looming in the future of the degraded tribes of Africa becoming partakers of our Christian civilization, than upon his own sufferings and privations as a missionary pioneer in the cause. Yet were these sufferings and privations far from being light and trifling.

"Now he was prostrate with fever, now overcome with fatigue, beset with difficulties, and tried by untoward events. One day untutored companions had to be managed, savage tribes propitiated; and another, trackless forests must be threaded, bridgeless rivers, swamps, and prairie lands crossed, and dangers on all hands overcome. Nearly every day subsistence had to be obtained by hunting, or received as presents from the natives."

Often, too, his life was in danger from the attacks of hostile tribes; the Boers were invariably unkind, and even insolent to him, because he was known to be friendly towards the natives; and he experienced "decided hostility among the slave-dealing tribes, and along the slave-dealer's trail."

Dr. Livingstone's contributions to science are, perhaps the largest that have ever been made by any single traveller—certainly by any traveller in South Africa. He has completely altered the map of that continent. Other explorers, in attempting to penetrate the interior, have either died in the attempt, or have been obliged, after taking a hasty and transient glimpse, to return upon their steps. Others again have limited their explorations to a mere fringing of the coasts. Livingstone alone, of them all, has boldly crossed the continent from ocean to ocean, and given the results of his explorations to the world. Thus it is, that "the immense sandy plains of some philosophers speculating at home, in which rivers were asserted to be lost, and no life, animate or inanimate, was declared to flourish, are proved by our traveller to exist only in the fertile brains of those worthies; while facts replace these plains with peopled and productive regions."

It was in 1849 that Dr. Livingstone for the first time crossed a part of the great Kalahari desert, and visited the Lake Ngami, being the first European traveller that ever saw it. In the following year he made another excursion northward, and reached the great river Zambesi. In 1852 he set out again from Cape

Town for Central Africa. "This journey extended from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa in an oblique direction to Quillimane in Eastern Africa." In this journey he was accompanied by more than 100 native attendants, lent to him by a friendly chief, Seketelu, whom he left behind at Teté, the most inland settlement of the Portuguese, whence he proceeded down the river Zambesi to Quillimane, and was there taken on board Her Majesty's brig *Frolic*, bound to the Mauritius, from which place he sailed for England, and arrived in this country on the 12th December 1856.

Never was traveller welcomed back to his native shores with greater enthusiasm; and no one more deservedly. Sixteen years before, he had gone away as a simple missionary; and now upon his return he was greeted on all sides with the applause justly due to the man who had not only faithfully discharged his duties as a preacher of the gospel, but who had enlarged the domains of science, opened up new paths for enterprise and commerce, and conciliated the affections of powerful chiefs, through whose influence a thriving trade will, it is hoped, soon be carried on with the natives of Central Africa. In the face of such peaceful intercourse slave dealing may naturally be expected to decline, if not to disappear altogether; since, as Dr. Livingstone shows, the natural products of the country are quite sufficient to repay the legitimate enterprise of commerce.

We have spoken of the geographical discoveries of Dr. Livingstone as entitling him to take rank among the foremost scientific men of our time; but we must not omit to mention that he is also entitled to our deepest gratitude for the attention that he bestowed during his travels upon the geology and mineralogy of Central Africa, its botany and ethnology, and his careful meteorological and astronomical observations. He went out, in fact, aptly furnished for his work; being not merely a pious and devoted missionary, but with an excellent talent for acquiring languages, a good knowledge of medicine and surgery, and such other general acquaintance with science as a cultivated man knows how to use to the best advantage. May he live for many years yet, and return to us in good health, after achieving still greater triumphs!

From The Spectator,
ITALY.

THE secular struggle of Italy for life appears to be about to enter into a new phase. There are symptoms abroad which appear to betoken that serious events are not far off. Europe is filled with rumors of French and Piedmontese preparations. The Sardinian King, who has the reputation of a truth-teller, tells his officers, out of the fulness of his heart, that next spring they may all again smell gunpowder together. And French officials, whose reputation is of a different description, augment the general uneasiness by declaring that there is not to be war, a declaration which well-known peculiarities of the present French régime induce men to interpret in the contrary sense. The tension of the Napoleonic despotism is such, the stillness which it has succeeded in creating, for the time, in the feverish breast of the most tumultuous society of Europe is so oppressive alike to Government and people, that it must needs be broken by some crashing events. In the midst of the ample food for excitement which this stirring century affords, abounding as it does in scientific and commercial progress, and in a political activity due to the extraordinary means of publicity discovered by the age, it is not believed, by any observer who has average intelligence, that the vacuum which the French Government has created can fail to be filled up ere long. As a mere means of government, the Emperor must, as has been felt from the first, make war, or grant liberties to France. The Montalembert trial proves sufficiently what his choice is, and henceforward England must deliberate upon the present juncture of affairs with tenfold seriousness, and so as to find the best mode of bearing herself in the grave events that may be approaching worthy of her history, her hopes, and her duties.

It cannot be concealed that this will require no small discrimination on the part of people and statesmen. For the problem of Italian independence and the general question of European liberties and progress are entering into a phase which will render it difficult in the extreme for England to know her right course of action. A war between Austria and France on the subject of Italy would be one in which English sympathies would be perplexed and at fault. Both these empires appear to be identified in domestic polity with every political principle abhorrent to the soul of Englishmen. Austria is the oppressor of Italy, the incubus on her future. But that the France of Louis Napoleon can rescue her appears to be a sorry vision indeed. It appears to us that Piedmont is exposed at this moment of her history to a great temptation, and that if she succumbs to it all hopes of the

dynasty of Savoy as the future constitutional monarchy of a great Italian kingdom may be given up forever. It appears but too likely that Piedmont is listening to French proposals for expelling the Austrians as a preliminary to a virtual partition of Italy between the French and Sardinian crowns. Such a step would be nothing short of treason on the part of Piedmont to the liberties and future of Italy: such a step would involve the sacrifice of constitutional government: it would be cursed from the beginning, and fail miserably, dragging down its authors to destruction. Indeed, the more we reflect upon the present state and political structure of France, the less are we able to believe in the possibility of such an alliance being entered into between Piedmont and that power as shall afford any thing like a firm foundation for Italian liberty. The French Emperor cannot be serious in any projects save those of dynastic aggrandizement, and can have no motive of action except the necessity of an excitement, and a European *mêlée* to occupy the minds of Frenchmen. It is demanding of a nation, situated as Piedmont is, almost superhuman patience and self-restraint, when we say, that according to the best opinion which the most anxious reflection and the deepest sympathy for the cause of Italy enables us to form, for the present, self-defence and resolute immobility appear the wisest and best course for her to adopt. For the sacred cause of Italian independence should not be mixed up with the equivocal fortunes and gloomy repute of the author of the *coup d'état*, and to expect that the gaoler of Montalembert will strike her fetters off, is to forget what Scripture and common sense concur in teaching, that Beelzebub never was and never will be cast out by Beelzebub.

In such a war it will be doubtful whether it will not be the duty and interest of England to preserve a strict neutrality, at least until she has fully made up her own mind as to the purpose for which the sword should be eventually drawn, and until she find a moment in the course of the hostilities favorable for the promotion of her views. In this matter the conduct and policy of the French Emperor may provide suggestions for the policy which may be our wisdom and virtue. It is shrewdly suspected that the secret of Cherbourg and its kindred manifestations of depreciatory insult directed against us, have for their object the inculcation of a salutary terror, whereby we may, as he trusts, be content to be helpless spectators of his warlike movements in Europe. Let us then, if his enterprises seduce Piedmont into a war in which we cannot join in the attack or sympathize in the defence, be spectators, but not helpless. In such an event it will be our part to collect

and concentrate our purposes, and our material strength until we are able and opportunity comes, to throw our weight into one scale, so as to supersede the original intentions of the belligerents, and impose our own will as the law of the contest. In all previous European contests England has been looked to from the first to play a principal, and an early part. And heretofore the issues, on the one side and the other, have been sufficiently plain to admit of her doing so. But in a war such as European opinion now apprehends, which England can neither sympathize in nor understand, in the promotion of which she will not be consulted, and of which one of the preparations appears to have been a scheme, for neutralizing her power, and degrading her reputation, she may well hold aloof, indignant and preparing; but watching for the moment when she may intervene to deal an effectual blow upon the enemies of her cause, which will always be the cause of liberty and progress.

The iron despotism established in France, and its threatening aspect towards the world, constitute the first great question for Europe at this moment. It appears but too likely that the army which he has erected into the first and only power in the state may, in the event of the emperor's decease, and even during his lifetime, demand a field for military glory and rapine, which cannot be refused. How to ward off or avert this danger is as serious a problem as was ever raised for the consideration of the politicians of Europe. It is probable that the past faults of European dynasties and cabinets may yet have to be washed away in a general cataclysm of revolutionary war. It appears but too likely that those who would not be wise and prudent in time may be involved in calamity, from which they shall not have the power of extricating themselves until their cup of chastisement is filled up. A war between Austria and France would appear to be a war without any other cause except that superior controlling will of Heaven which obliges rogues to fall out that honest men may have their due. But in such cases the honest men side with neither party, nor will Piedmont do so if she be sound of heart; or rather, we should say, Piedmont will do nothing to provoke such a contest, for from her position she could not be neutral. But for England, we repeat, neutrality in the outset would appear the only possible course. The debates in the Chambers of Piedmont, Portugal, and in our House of Commons, will necessarily do much to develop the international questions of the hour. And we suspect that the great question of the session of 1859 for the English Parliament may not be a Reform Bill after all.

From The Saturday Review.
A CHANNEL FLEET.

WE did not need the solemn warning of M. de Montalembert to impress us with the gravity of the dangers with which England is surrounded. We are told that she is isolated in Europe, because she is at once envied and detested. If it be so, it is a fault which we are not prepared to repair—it is a misfortune for which we cannot consent to adopt the remedies which are pressed upon us. If it is our good fortune which is envied, we cannot seek in voluntary disaster a refuge against malice. If it is our principles which are hated, we cannot conciliate by their abandonment the good-will to which it seems we are disenthralled by fidelity to our faith and to our freedom. If it be true (as for aught we know it may be) that England is isolated, the situation has nothing in it that is new in her history—still less that is discouraging. She has been isolated when her enemies were more powerful than any which can now be arrayed against her—when her resources were less ample than those of which she can now dispose. There is no single Power which can be as formidable to her now as Spain was in the sixteenth century. There is no possible coalition which can equal the combination which Napoleon had marshalled against her after the peace of Tilsit. Isolation is not necessarily weakness. If the necessities which it imposes are adequately understood, it may prove in the end the most substantial strength. A great country which is isolated needs but one thing—it must be perpetually prepared.

Admitting that England is isolated, let us ask ourselves if she is prepared. That she has great resources is unquestionable. That she can sustain with comparative ease the burden of a long and expensive war has been lately sufficiently proved. That in the quality of her race she has not degenerated, the experience of the Indian mutiny may satisfy us. But this is not to be prepared. The strongest man may be overpowered by surprise, as Agamemnon was slaughtered in his bath by the adulterer. This is certainly not the moment when we can venture to sleep without our arms. We are invited, it is true, to repose implicit confidence in the French alliance. If by the French alliance is intended that amicable relation which exists between the governments of two countries which are at peace, we respect the French alliance not less than those who are the professed sycophants of the ruler of France. But if it means more than this—if it implies a more intimate relation, founded upon community of sympathies and identity of interests—then we say, without reserve, that the continuance of such an alliance (if indeed it ever existed)

is not to be assumed as the foundation of English policy.

The trial of M. de Montalembert was not so much the cause as the occasion which revealed the profound gulf that separates the sentiments and the principles of the two nations. The more the apologists of Louis Napoleon succeed in identifying the sympathies of the French people with the policy of his government, the more they tend to demonstrate how irreconcilable are those sympathies with the instincts and the convictions of the English nation. The French people, say the Emperor's friends, are profoundly indifferent to the principles which were violated in the Montalembert prosecution. But the English people are not indifferent—on the contrary, there is no class of English society which has not been deeply and painfully moved by proceedings which have shocked and outraged their moral sense. The fine speeches of Lord Derby, the private visits of Lord Palmerston cannot remove this radical and fundamental contrariety. They cannot, by palaver or grimace, bridge over the chasm which divides the interests and the feelings of a people who are proud of their freedom, from those of a nation which is contented to wallow in the sty of Imperialism. What is wanting to the French alliance is the *idem velle atque idem nolle*, which is the only sound foundation of mutual co-operation. In the sense which its admirers attribute to it, we do not hesitate to say that the French alliance at this moment does not exist.

We may be asked, "If the fact be so, what need to proclaim it, and why exaggerate, by publishing, an incompatibility which, if inevitable, is still to be regretted?" We admit the force of the appeal, and we are prepared to reply to it. We insist on the hollowness of the alliance, because we are painfully impressed with the mischiefs and dangers which may result from a blind and foolish confidence in its stability. It is because we are convinced that the persons who are charged with the defence of the country are not prepared for the consequences of a breach in our relations with France, that we hold it to be a matter of the first importance to insist on the precariousness of these relations. It is idle to say, "Oh, things will go on very well if you will only leave them alone." No man who is not either sunk in sloth, distracted by fear, or blinded by prejudice, can fail to see that things, however much they may be left alone, are not going on very well. It is the old cry of "Peace, peace!" while there is no peace. But fine words, as we know they butter no parsnips, so we may be very sure they hoodwink no Emperors.

A breach with France may not happen this year, nor even the next; but, on the other

hand, it may happen to-morrow. Of one thing we may be very certain—that when it does come, it will come by surprise. There is no public opinion in France to warn us of the storm which is brewing. We may be sure that the next opportune moment will be chosen by a man of great sagacity, great firmness, and unfathomable perfidy. The arguments which are employed to dispel the force of these presentiments are foolish, even beyond the folly of Mr. Bright. We are asked whether we suppose the French to be a nation of brigands. We suppose nothing of the sort, but we are very sure that the French nation will not be consulted on the occasion. Yet the assurance on which our good easy patriots rely is the loyalty and good faith of the man who surprised French society, and took a whole nation by the throat, on the night of the second of December.

In the present state of Europe, and more especially in the present state of feeling between the English people and the French Government, the country has a right to ask the men who administer our affairs, what would be our position if to-morrow we found it necessary to act independently of France, or if the ruler of France should think fit to act hostilely towards us. Let no man delude himself into the belief that this question is one which is in itself chimerical or necessarily remote. What happened in the Tagus last month may happen in the Thames next week. We have seen how slight a pretext for a quarrel, is sufficient and how short is the warning vouchsafed. Hitherto the alliance has answered the purpose of Louis Napoleon, just as the Republic and the Constitution answered his purpose till his power was about to expire. How far we may be from the moment when he may judge that it has ceased to serve his turn, no man can tell. It is certainly no unimportant question to ask what will be our position if that contingency should suddenly arise. We regret to say that, at this moment, the answer to that question is profoundly unsatisfactory. There has been for the last year much talk of a Channel Fleet; but at this moment, Channel Fleet there is none that deserves the name. The dockyards, it is true, are full of the hulls which supplied the fleets of the Baltic and the Black Sea. In our naval architecture, whether in respect of the excellence of our models, the perfection of the equipment, or the rapidity of production, we believe the English dockyards are without rivals. But this is not what we want. We want our house insured, and it is nothing that we have plenty of money in the bank if the premiums are not paid. We can have no security while we have no home fleet, and we have no home fleet because we have no sailors. We speak

on the highest authority when we say that, with a fortnight's warning, we could not collect at Spithead five line-of-battle ships sufficiently manned to fight their guns. In less than half that time Louis Napoleon could place double that number of ships, fully equipped, in the Channel.

Let us gravely consider the significance of these two facts. Men may differ as to the probability or improbability of a French invasion. We don't stop to discuss that question now, because the invasion of England ought not to be a question of probability; yet can any man venture to say that at this moment it is an impossibility? With a railroad to Cherbourg, with a great fleet always in readiness, and the crews in perpetual *disponibilité*, the attempt is one which the French at least do not think by any means hopeless. Why are we to encourage them by our carelessness in this delusion—if indeed it be a delusion—when it is in our power, at a cost wholly insignificant, to put the very idea of its possibility out of their heads? Ten or twelve line-of-battle ships always fit for action in the Channel would go far to make the shores of England as inaccessible to a French army as the moon itself. In the presence of such a force, the landing of a single regiment would be, to say the least, a most critical experiment. Is it not worth while to insure at so slight a premium against so frightful a risk? The cost would be just the difference between the expense of keeping the same number of ships in ordinary, and maintaining them in commission at Spithead or in Plymouth Sound. We wonder what fractional part of such a sum would form of the amount yearly paid to insure domestic property against fire. It would be probably about one-tenth part of the duty which is paid on the tobacco we consume. Yet this is the frightful extravagance against which Mr. Bright so frantically warns us. We keep a fleet in the Mediterranean to protect Malta. We have a squadron in the Chinese Seas, on the West India station, and in the Pacific. Why is England alone to be undefended? Is it that the interests which we have in our own soil are less precious, or that the dangers which menace us are more distant?

But it is not the danger of invasion alone which presses. The affair of Lisbon has made it very evident that the question has already arisen whether England can have a policy in Europe, independent of the will of France. Without invading England, the superiority of the French naval force in the Channel may—and we have no hesitation in

saying it does—at this moment paralyze the policy of England. Take, for example, the affair of the *Charles et Georges*. Suppose the case had been such—as may have been, or certainly, in some other case, may be—that England was bound in honor and in duty to interfere in favor of an independent State exposed to armed coercion, to what purpose would it be that she should say to France, "You shall not bombard Lisbon," if the Emperor can always reply, "You shall not sail out of Portsmouth." Yet that—let Secretaries of State envelope the fact in what fine periphrases they please—is at this moment the true diplomatic situation. It is from this situation, humiliating to the pride of a great country, as well as dangerous to the independence of a free nation, that public opinion ought to demand from the Government deliverance and security. We have shown that the remedy is simple and inexpensive. Indeed, there is no reason why the public burthens should be at all increased. For the money which is annually expended on that utterly valueless force, the unembodied militia, would maintain a fleet which would absolutely assure the safety of the country—a result which the most sanguine admirers of the militia could hardly promise us. But, cost what it may, the end is one for which no expense would be too great. The lovers of peace are those who ought most to desire the only security which, in making the prospects of a war desperate, would diminish the temptation to engage in it. The present defencelessness of England is a positive encouragement to aggression. We are acting like an unarmed traveller, who, by displaying at once his wealth and his feebleness, suggests the idea of spoliation to the robber. There is no saying what bloodshed may be saved if it is made perfectly obvious that to attack England is not only difficult but impossible.

It is for this reason that we hold the immediate equipment of a fleet of adequate force, which shall be prepared at any moment to assure, beyond a possibility of doubt, the safety of the English coast and the independent action of English policy, to be the first and cardinal necessity of the time. We feel very confident that neither on the part of the English public nor of the House of Commons will any government want support or encouragement in carrying out so essential a work. On the other hand, the country has a right to expect that the Government shall not be wanting in applying without delay the resources which the English nation is only anxious to place at their disposal.

From The Saturday Review.

PROSPECTS OF WAR.

A CURIOUS controversy has lately arisen as to the probability of a Continental war in the spring. The French papers disclaim, with alarming earnestness, projects which seem to be imputed to their Government. Austrian writers murmur against the restless ambition of France, and Sardinian patriots naturally do their utmost to create or to inflame the animosities which may tend to separate their neighbors. It is doubtful whether there is any fire to account for so much smoke; but the uncertainty, which is the necessary consequence of warlike rumor, is in itself a serious evil. English politicians, though they are accused of fomenting every quarrel which breaks out in Europe, are for once utterly puzzled and surprised. Who are to be the belligerents? What are they to fight about? And why should they select the present time for picking a quarrel? Questions such as these serve at least to prove the absence of English complicity in the plot. The rumor in its more definite form points to an invasion of Lombardy by the combined forces of Sardinia and of France, and it is further suggested that Russia would simultaneously paralyze Austria by a concentration of forces on the Galician frontier, and in case of need by the encouragement of disturbances in Hungary. It is assumed that prudence, and jealousy of Austria, would ensure the neutrality of Prussia, and it must be admitted that the sympathies of England with Italy would modify the national inclination to oppose the aggrandizement of France. If Napoleon III. is rash enough to consider that it is for his interest to go to war, no combination of enemies, of allies, and of neutrals, could offer him a fairer prospect of success, and yet it is difficult to believe that the peace of the world is to be disturbed by a wanton aggression. Mythological critics account for the origin of the most plausible legends by their inherent symmetry and probability; and when an ingenious speculator has devised a promising game, he takes but a trifling step to the conclusion that it will be played accordingly. In council and action there is fortunately a longer interval between the conception of a scheme as possible and its practical accomplishment.

There can be no doubt that vague hopes of French intervention are prevalent in Northern Italy, or that corresponding uneasiness is felt on the German side of the Alps. The *Austrian Military Gazette* has discovered a menace to Lombardy in the negotiations between France and Switzerland for the purchase of the Valley of Dappes, on the western slope of the Jura. At this point the Canton of Vaud projects with an acute angle into the adjacent territory of France, and the acqui-

sition of the pass would shorten by some miles the passage between the neighboring departments of the Jura and the Ain. The Vienna journal is mistaken in supposing that the proximity of France to Geneva would be in any manner affected by the success of this infinitesimal negotiation. The French frontier has always approached within three or four miles of the city, and the railway, by which troops would ordinarily be dispatched, leaves the disputed valley far to the left. At the worst, Switzerland and Piedmont are interposed between the passes of the Jura and the plains of Lombardy, so that the additional facilities of invasion would correspond to the advantage of cutting off the angle of the South-Eastern Railway at Redhill, in a journey from Dover to Glasgow.

Other grounds for the existing alarm are less imaginary. The Austrians are naturally irritated by the blustering language of the Parisian journals; and the King of Sardinia is reported, though on questionable authority, to have warned his officers at a recent review to be in readiness if they should have the opportunity of smelling powder in the spring. It is reasonably assumed that his Government would not provoke a collision with Austria without previous assurances of the immediate support of France. The contingent assistance, however, which makes Sardinia formidable, renders her policy dependent on the convenience of her indispensable ally. Whatever may be the policy of the Emperor, he will certainly not commit to a minor Power the responsibility of commencing a war which may probably become European. A declaration of hostilities at Turin would be virtually dated from Paris, and friends and enemies would look to France as the undoubted principal in the war. The most marked indications of hostile purposes on the part of the French government consists in the silent increase of the numbers of the army by the full quota of the conscription of 1857. It is uncertain, however, whether the augmentation is a precaution, a menace, or a result of the Imperial fancy for playing with soldiers. All crowned heads seem to be affected with a mania for drilling and reviewing, and the French army, as the most complete of military playthings, constantly requires fresh improvements and additions. When a member of the Yacht Club lengthens his vessel or alters her rig, it is always doubtful whether he is projecting a cruise to America, or merely indulging his taste for naval architecture.

The real danger, whether it is great or small, is unfortunately inseparable from the position of Austria in Italy. There is no other direction in which an aggressive power could direct its forces without the risk of provoking the general resistance of Europe. In

other quarters, the independence of Austria would be guaranteed by England, but the addition of Lombardy to the kingdom of Sardinia could scarcely fail to meet with popular approval. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the commencement of an unnecessary war would conduce to the interest of Sardinia or of France. The weaker ally might overrun and possibly retain Northern Italy, but the King would inevitably lose the most ancient possession of his house. Lamartine declared, on behalf of the Republic, in 1848, that France would not allow Sardinia to become a power of the first rank without securing to herself the material guarantee of Savoy, and the heir of Napoleon is not likely to be more disinterested or less ostensibly patriotic than the sentimental orator. The King of Sardinia is a manly and resolute prince, who would never willingly postpone the interests of his country to the policy of foreigners; but in a contest with Austria, conducted by the aid of a French alliance, he must sink into an auxiliary who would be dependent during the war, and who might perhaps not be consulted on the conclusion of a peace. It is at least possible that, after a doubtful campaign, the more powerful confederate might relinquish the acquisitions of Sardinia on condition of retaining his own. From the dawn of modern history, Italy has suffered from German oppression, but it has never been helped to independence or to prosperity by the emulous interference of France.

The imprudence of a warlike policy on the part of the French Government is still more obvious. Notwithstanding the encouraging array of allies and neutrals, the commencement of strife is always like the letting out of waters. The first step of a French soldier over the frontier would put an end to the English alliance, and terminate the internal jealous of the German States. Prussia might remain passive from a fear of being crushed between France and Russia, but her armies would assemble on the Rhine and on the frontier of Poland, and the wishes of the population would be unanimously favorable to Austria. During the troubles of 1848, Germany, though divided on all other questions, felt a common sympathy in the struggles and victories of Radetzky; and it was well known that if Charles Albert had ventured to blockade Trieste, the Frankfort Government was ready to declare war and reinforce Austria with the whole Federal army. The same national feeling might offer serious impediments to the success of a French expedition in Italy. It is unnecessary to dwell on the obvious complications which must result from the relations of the Papal and Imperial Governments. Rome, while it exists under the Protectorate

of France, is the open and cordial ally of Austria; yet at the same time the Pope is secure from a repetition of the treatment which his predecessor and ecclesiastical namesake experienced from the First Napoleon. A French Commander in Italy would have to raise up Lombardy with one hand, while he kept down the Legations with the other, and native patriots would be puzzled by a liberator who was forced by domestic considerations to maintain the weakest and the worst of Italian Governments. It is fortunate that in modern times war is the most difficult and the most unprofitable of undertakings. The expense, the danger, and the odium of the project vaguely imputed to France more than outweigh the possible advantages which might seem to countenance the recent rumors.

From The Economist.
GRATUITOUS ERRORS.

COUNT D'ORSAY was one of Louis Napoleon's most attached friends in exile, and one of his best and most prudent advisers when President of the Republic. It is well known that secretly he was opposed to the *coup d'état*, and endeavored to dissuade Louis Napoleon from the attempt,—not, as he said, that it would not succeed in the deplorable condition into which France at that moment was plunged, but “THAT IT WAS NOT NECESSARY FOR HIS OBJECT.” He contended that the President who had been elected by so large a majority, not through the influence of the government of the day and its officials,—for that was necessarily all thrown into the scale of his opponent,—but by the force of his name in France, “would obtain all he wanted without the odium which must necessarily attach to so violent a measure.” The same remark is strikingly applicable to almost every objectionable act of Louis Napoleon's down to the present time.

Never had an aspirant to a throne an easier task, or a clearer field. Every other claimant had either voluntarily abdicated, or tacitly acquiesced in the repudiation of his pretensions. The old legitimate family of the Bourbons had sought a last asylum in England at the Revolution of 1830. Louis Philippe, who succeeded, though not without suspicion of complicity in the downfall of his predecessor, had betrayed, and his family had abandoned, France in a moment of great difficulty and danger. On the memorable night of February, when the commander of Paris, with his troops drawn up on the Boulevards, could have extinguished the Revolution which had only just been kindled in the streets of Paris in a few minutes after receiving an order from the civil authorities to act; at the moment when Guizot had resigned, and Molé had not accepted, office; when the

King was without a Minister, Louis Philippe deliberately declined the responsibility of saving France. Two hours afterwards the troops returned to their barracks: the fire of revolution blazed uncontrolled through the city: all authority was at an end: Paris and even the Tuilleries were in the hands of the mob: and the King sought only his own personal safety by a most ignominious flight. The reins of Government were thrown down to be picked up by the first who could snatch them: anarchy prevailed: credit was prostrate: trade at a stand: and it was not till after the memorable days of June, that any thing like authority was again felt in France. A Republic was proclaimed—a President was elected: but every one knew that these were merely preliminary to a monarchy in one form or other: for, as it was justly said, "where there are no Republicans, a Republic cannot last." The impracticable character of the Assembly, elected by universal suffrage, without a senate or an efficient executive to control it, brought every thing to a dead-lock, and alone reconciled the nation to the *coup d'état*. But it was just in proportion as France was ready to acquiesce in so violent a measure, that its necessity was disproved. The Republic had become insufferable: the Assembly a nuisance: in the uncertainty which prevailed, industry and commerce languished: people became willing to pay any price for security and confidence. Even the Count Montalembert himself, not only submitted to the necessity, but gave an active support to the measure. The best proof of the depressed state of affairs prior to the 2d of December, is, that within a week or ten days of the *coup d'état* the French funds rose about ten per cent, and enabled Louis Napoleon to effect a conversion of the five per cent stock into four per cent. But if France was so much in need of a master, who was there at that moment to contest the claim of Louis Napoleon? Certainly not the old Bourbons—certainly not the Orleanists, who had so recently abandoned France to her fate, and had really, by a culpable neglect of their duty, been the cause of all the suffering that had been entailed upon her. He had no competitor to be feared, and it was for this, that Count d'Orsay maintained that the *coup d'état* "was not necessary;" while it would leave a stigma which would not easily be effaced.

The next act of Louis Napoleon's which was equally unwise and unnecessary even for his own objects, was the confiscation of the Orleanist property. No act could have been better calculated to deprive himself of the confidence he had in part gained, and to excite a sympathy in favor of the only family he had to fear. Montalembert, who may be said

to have assisted at the *coup d'état*, repudiated this act of spoliation, and from that moment abandoned the fortunes of the Emperor;—and thousands who had no means of publicly showing their sentiments, were equally indignant at the injustice.

We pass over many minor matters, and come to the Orsini attempt of last February. Never was there so great an opportunity afforded to a Sovereign who desired to confirm himself on his throne. Not France alone, but all Europe was shocked at the attempted assassination. Sympathy was exhibited in quarters where least it was to be looked for. It was felt that in the person of the Emperor, France and even Europe had escaped a great calamity. If ever there was a moment since Louis Napoleon landed in France, when he could rely upon public opinion for the security of his throne, that moment was immediately after the Orsini attempt. If ever it was unnecessary to have recourse to violent measures, it was then. But what did he do? He discarded the Minister of the Interior, in order to appoint a General in his place. Espinasse introduced the reign of terror. Measures of repression more severe than any in the time of the first Empire were resorted to. While the Emperor thus created dismay at home, he embittered all his alliances abroad. That which at first seemed likely greatly to strengthen his position, served only to endanger it owing to the measures which he took, "which were not necessary even for his own object."

Again, if we take the recent affair of the *Charles et Georges*, we may ask, in what way has the shock which he has given to all Europe served any object which he could have in the insult offered to a neighboring State? He had taken credit for the provision in the Treaty of Paris for referring matters in dispute between Governments to arbitration, but in the first case which occurred he refused to act upon it, and preferred *might to right*. He might have obtained credit both at home and abroad for the moderation which belongs to conscious strength had he accepted an arbitration:—by the course actually taken, he has only sown distrust and suspicion.

And, lastly, who is not conscious of the enormous blunder of the prosecution of Montalembert? But for it the article on the Debate upon India, able as it is, would never have been heard of except among the readers of the *Correspondent*:—now, is there a house in England, almost in Europe, where it is not known? If Montalembert wrote a libel upon French institutions, it is the Emperor himself who has published it. But what has the Emperor gained by the prosecution, even for his own objects? Has he not greatly weakened in place of strengthening his position—

his claim to support, both at home and abroad? The most powerful despot cannot defy the opinion of the world, or shock the sympathies of mankind, with impunity. There are occasions when errors so grave wear the aspect of crimes. The *coup d'état* was an error; the Orleanist confiscation was an error; the Espinasse régime was an error; the trampling upon Portugal was an error; the prosecution of Montalembert was an error:—all were errors, if for no better reason, that they were all unnecessary for the object which Louis Napoleon had in view, while they could not fail to cast obloquy, odium, and suspicion on his reign.

If the Emperor had more confidence in himself, it would be better for his dynasty and for France. He has great claims upon the country if he knows how to use them and to rely upon them. If these are weakened or depreciated, it will be by his own acts, not by the relative merits of any rival claimant. No one can deny that since the establishment of security under the Empire, France has made

greater material progress than during any similar period in her history;—and this, even in spite of the check upon public discussion and upon intellectual freedom. Who or what is it that the Emperor fears? The people of France if we mistake not, and the people of Europe we are certain, are only too anxious to avoid a repetition of all the evils which invariably attend revolutions in France. The events of 1848 are still too well remembered, for any one to wish to see them repeated. What, then, does the Emperor gain by a policy which estranges from him the best of his own subjects, and exposes him to the suspicion of all Europe? It is certainly not greater security for his throne, but the contrary. So gratuitous and so suicidal do his errors appear, that those who look on from a distance, involuntarily recall those occurrences by which the first Napoleon threw away an empire; and are not without their apprehensions that the world may yet witness events as reckless in their conception and as fatal in their results.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN MADAGASCAR—

What effect colored landscapes, or other views of natural objects, might produce upon the natives, I am unable to say; but it was curious to notice the intense interest excited by the portraits, and the different effect produced by the view of a group of trees, or flowers, a house, or any other inanimate object. In the former the features, the aspect, the dress, the ornaments, and all the little accompaniments were subjects of curious examination and animated remark by wives and children, as well as companions or friends. One man had a mole on his cheek, and, as it was on the side next the light, it came out clear and strong; nothing excited more remark than this. I saw the man himself, after feeling the mole on his cheek with his fingers, go to touch the mole on the picture hanging up to dry, exclaiming, "How very wonderful! I never felt any thing here," putting his finger to the mole on his cheek, "and yet there it is," pointing to the picture. But the form of a building, the shades in a flower, the perspective of a landscape, seemed to excite no interest. Another phase of human character, peculiar perhaps to no country, but rather common to all, was the evident anxiety about personal appearance, when that was to be regarded by others or perpetuated. I never suggested the arrangement of the dress or the hair; but rarely found any one come and sit for a likeness without giving some previous attention to one or both. Even the laboring woman, returning from work in the field, with her child at her back, when asked if she would have her likeness taken, adjusted her burden before having her *tout ensemble* rendered permanent. Sometimes the women brought their slaves to arrange their hair immediately before sitting down. At other times the men brought looking glass and comb, and borrowing a bowl of water to moisten their

hair, arranged their toilette by one holding the glass for another.—*Ellis's Three Visits to Madagascar.*

D'ISRAELI THE ELDER.—As the world has always been fond of personal details respecting men who have been celebrated, I will mention that he was fair, with a Bourbon nose, and brown eyes of extraordinary beauty and lustre. He wore a small black velvet cap, but his white hair latterly touched his shoulders in curls almost as flowing as in his boyhood. His extremities were delicate and well formed, and his leg, at his last hour, as shapely as in his youth, which showed the vigor of his frame. Latterly he had become corpulent. He did not excel in conversation, though in his domestic circle he was garrulous. Every thing interested him; and blind, and eighty-two, he was still as susceptible as a child. One of his last acts was to compose some verses of gay gratitude to his daughter-in-law, who was his London correspondent, and to whose lively pen his last years were indebted for constant amusement. He had by nature a singular volatility, which never deserted him. His feelings, though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow the philosophic vein was ever evident. He more resembled Goldsmith than any man that I can compare him to: in his conversation his apparent confusion of ideas ending with some felicitous phrase of genius, his naïveté, his simplicity not untouched with a dash of sarcasm affecting innocence—one was often reminded of the gifted and interesting friend of Burke and Johnson. There was, however, one trait in which my father did not resemble Goldsmith: he had no vanity. Indeed, one of his few infirmities was rather a deficiency of self-esteem.—*Curiosities of Literature*, edited by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

From The Athenæum.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By William H. Prescott. Vol. III. (Routledge & Co.)

THE revolt of the Moors, the battle of Lepanto, and the building of the Escorial, mainly occupy this third volume of Mr. Prescott's narrative. Episodes of domestic history, with sketches of Philip's personal life, and of his last queen's manners and death, are introduced in contrast with those broad and deep pictures of tragedy and glory; but three grand events, fill by far the larger proportion of the historian's space;—the Moriscoes breaking forth against their conquerors and recoiling to be slaughtered in their chains; the mighty Christian Salamis which strewed the Corinthian gulf with the marks of Turkish power, and the erection of that monumental wonder by which a king more truly powerful than ever was Napoleon the First, commemorated at once the martyrdom of a saint, the defeat of the oriflamme, and the triumph of his squadron off the Etolian coasts. Upon this imposing argument Mr. Prescott has zealously labored, and with a splendid result. In no previous comparisons has he exhibited, we think, so much sustained, varied, and concentrated power. His fifth book, to borrow a phrase from foreign criticism, marches like a cavalry squadron; it is swift, animated, glittering; it is radiant, pictorial, and flushed, as though the writer were exulting in his amplitude of materials and perfect mastery of details. Taken alone, it would appreciably enhance the literary reputation of Mr. Prescott. The style throughout runs on a high level, but is free from all artificial pomp and rhetorical redundancy. It is at once simple, firm, and dignified.

The historian, perhaps, had fewer temptations to exuberance than in his former volumes, which exalted the wide-spread fortunes of Philip in the East and West, his Spanish, Italian, and Low Country sway, his grasp of the Indian continent and islands, his rule in America on both sides of the equator to the temperate zone, his army, which Paris saw, and his fleets which explored the waters of the globe. And yet the few years which elapsed from the revolt of the Alpujarras to the rearing of "the Gridiron temple" were crowded with conspicuous vicissitudes, and might have reduced a digressive writer into long wanderings of superfluous speculation.

The Saracen era had left in Spain the works of a civilization unique and gorgeous, which had enriched with an incomparable bloom of Art and an immortal magnificence of heroic tradition those cities where Asia, grafted on Europe, displayed whatever the Moguls enjoyed of pride in combination with whatever the Abencerrages knew of beauty. The scene, the sweep of events from the victory of the Guadalete to the abasement of Granada, the varied cavalcades that swept under the arches of Cordova, the retirement of the Moriscoes into sequestered valleys, their conflicts for religion, costume, and language; these and a hundred similar elements in the annals of the Spanish Moors contrast with a more modern epoch as the red towers and illuminated missal façades of the Alhambra contrast with the gray masses of the Escorial. Mr. Prescott, however, satisfies himself with a succinct recapitulation preliminary to that which properly belonged to his task. The rebellion of the Moriscoes, commenced in 1568, quelled within three years, and anticipatory of that general expulsion to which some historians have attributed the deliverance, and some the ruin, of Spain. The policy of Philip towards the Moriscoes was in harmony with the general statesmanship of his time. It was, perhaps, the only policy practicable. Yet in the sight of our generation it appears no less infatuated and abominable than that which roused the Dutch when they threatened to inundate the Batavian plains and lay the foundation of a new Europe in the tropics. The Moorish women were commanded to appear unveiled; the Moorish men were summoned to lay aside their national garments; the Moorish households were to be open to every passer's gaze while their inmates were in the bath.

These were, at least, the direct reasons why Farax Aben-Farax, the dyer of Granada, took the field with a crusade of insurgents, why Aben-Humeya was crowned King of the Moriscoes among the mountains, and why El Zaguer fought like an Ajax to slay and despoil the Christians. Never were human passions more embittered,—never in Tartary, or during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, did defeat imply such total annihilation, or victory wear so bloody a crown. The Mahometans began by cutting off so many of the Christians within their borders as they could destroy; then rose against them an inde-

scribable howl of vengeance. But by this time they had their prince, their captain-general, their army; rocks were their battlements, and defiles their covered ways. The whole narrative, as constructed by Mr. Prescott, is romantic, but the romance is that of gloom, surprise, and terror. It must be admitted, that the Moriscoes, in the vehemence of their hatred and fanaticism, challenged their conquerors to cruelty. They put the Augustines of Guercija to death by plunging them into caldrons of boiling oil; they mangled their victims before killing them; many a St. Sebastian perished from the arrow-volleys of their boys; with insult and torture the debt of Moorish rancor was paid. To retaliate, Christian gentlemen and priests took the field: the ancient regidor of Cordova led his sons to battle; eight ecclesiastics were among the first who penetrated the enemy's mountains. At one point, the great Captain-General, Mondejar, found himself opposed by a chasm eight leagues in length, traversed by two or three hanging beams, which, in that quarter, afforded the only means of access to the country of the Alpujarras. Upon this the Moriscoes concentrated their defensive missiles:—

"All thoughts were now turned on the mode of crossing the ravine; and many a look of blank dismay was turned on the dilapidated bridge, which, like a spider's web, trembling in every breeze, was stretched across the formidable chasm. No one was bold enough to venture on this pass of peril. At length a Franciscan monk, named Christoval de Molina, offered himself for the enterprise. It was again an ecclesiastic who was to lead the way in the path of danger. Slinging his shield across his back, with his robe tucked closely round him, grasping a crucifix in his left hand, and with his right brandishing his sword, the valiant friar set his foot upon the bridge. All eyes were fastened upon him, as, invoking the name of Jesus, he went courageously but cautiously forward, picking his way along the skeleton fabric, which trembled under his weight, as if about to fall into pieces, and precipitate him into the gulf below. But he was not so to perish; and his safe arrival on the farther side was greeted with the shouts of the soldiery, who, ashamed of their hesitation, now pressed forward to follow in his footsteps."

In such a spirit was the campaign opened. Mr. Prescott's narrative is thenceforward, for two hundred pages, a thunder of battles, a wild drama, a series of exciting *tableaux*, but

unlike most military records, it never fatigues. At Jubiles the retributive fury of the Spaniards reached its climax:—

"In the course of the night one of the soldiers found his way into the quarters of the captives, and attempted to take some freedoms with a Morisco maiden. It so happened that her lover, disguised in woman's attire, was at her side, having remained with her for her protection. His Moorish blood fired at the insult, and he resented it by striking his poniard into the body of the Spaniard. The cry of the latter soon roused his comrades. Rushing to the place, they fell on the young Morisco, who, now brandishing a sword which he had snatched from the disabled man, laid about him so valiantly that several others were wounded. The cry arose that there were armed men, disguised as women, among the prisoners. More soldiers poured in to the support of their comrades, and fell with fury on their helpless victims. The uproar was universal. On the one side might be heard moans and petitions for mercy; on the other, brutal imprecations, followed by deadly blows, that showed how little the prayers for mercy had availed. The hearts of the soldiers were harder than the steel with which they struck; for they called to mind the cruelties inflicted on their own countrymen by the Moriscoes. Striking to the right and left, they hewed down men and women indiscriminately,—both equally defenceless. In their blind fury they even wounded one another; for it was not easy to discern friend from foe in the obscurity, in which little light was to be had, says the chronicler, except such as came from the sparks of clashing steel or the flash of firearms. It was in vain that the officers endeavored to call off the men from their work of butchery. The hot temper of the Andalusian was fully roused; and it would have been as easy to stop the explosion of the mine when the train has been fired, as to stay his fury. It was not till the morning light showed the pavement swimming in gore, and the corpses of the helpless victims lying in heaps on one another, that his appetite for blood was satisfied. Great numbers of the women, and nearly all the men, perished in this massacre. Those in the church succeeded in making fast the doors, and thus excluding their enemies, who made repeated efforts to enter the building. The marquis of Mondejar, indignant at this inhuman outrage perpetrated by his followers, and at their flagrant disobedience of orders, caused an inquiry into the affair to be instantly made; and the execution of three of the most guilty proved a salutary warning to the Andalusian soldier that there were limits beyond which it was not safe to try the patience of his commander."

Mondejar, however, was pitiless at times, for, stung by the escape of a besieged garrison at Guajaras, he ordered a miserable remnant of the inhabitants, rich, old, or otherwise defenceless, to be put to death:—

“But even this cruelty was surpassed by that of his son, the Count of Tendilla. El Zamar, the gallant defender of the fortress, wandered about among the crags with his little daughter, whom he carried in his arms. Famished and fainting from fatigue, he was at length overtaken by his enemies, and sent off as a prisoner to Granada, where the fierce Tendilla caused the flesh to be torn from his his bones with red-hot pincers, and his mangled carcass, yet palpitating with life, to be afterwards quartered.”

Tower and town went down before these headlong Spanish commanders, whose soldiers stripped the dead, men, women, and children, to rifle them of collars, bracelets, and jewels, stored up in bright abundance in every Moorish home. But when Christian females were rescued they walked in the conqueror's train, clad in the colors of the Virgin. The horrors of the war may be said to have culminated at Granada, though it was thence renewed throughout the hills, and might have flamed for years had not Aben-Humeya fallen a prey to treason. That prince, on the highlands beyond Ugijar, fought in person against the troops of Los Velez:—

“The two chiefs, in their characters, their persons, and their equipments, might be considered as no bad types of the European and Arab chivalry. The marquis, sheathed in complete mail of a sable color, and mounted on his heavy war-horse, also covered with armour, was to be seen brandishing a lance which, short and thick, seemed rather like a truncheon, as he led his men boldly on, prepared to plunge at once into the thick of the fight. He was the very emblem of brute force. Aben-Humeya, on the other hand, gracefully managing his swift-footed, snow-white Andalusian, with his Morisco mantle of crimson floating lightly from his shoulders, and his Turkish turban wreathed round his head, instead of force, suggested the opposite ideas of agility and adroitness, so characteristic of the children of the East.”

The light jennet of Aben-Humeya bore him from the field a fugitive. Before he could rally, his enemies had received the price of blood. Nor was he himself popular among the people of his own race. Jealous and vindictive, he had cut off whomsoever he hated;

but, in an ominous hour, he offended Zahara, a beauty of his court and camp. The girl was taken as his mistress, after expecting to become his queen, and we see what part she played in the tragedy. Aben-Humeya was surprised, as he slept, by conspirators:—

“Aben-Humeya, roused from sleep by the tumult, would have sprung from his couch; but the faithless Zahara held him fast in her embrace, until Diego Alguazil and some others of the conspirators, rushing in, bound his arms together with a Moorish veil. Indeed, he was so much bewildered as scarcely to attempt resistance.”

Aben-Aboo was his successor, and Moorish amazons joined the ranks of the insurgents; but to no purpose. Don John of Austria had taken the field. The revolt was drowned in blood; nothing was left the Moors, except to curse their fate; but the policy of the second Philip failed to extinguish their nationality. By Philip the Third this failure was acknowledged, and a gallant, industrious, and ingenious people were hunted forever from the Peninsula.

From Mr. Prescott's magnificent description of the battle of Lepanto numerous passages might be cited as examples of historical composition. But we select only two or three, and first a portrait of the Christian admiral, Don John, twenty-four years of age:—

“His splendid dress of white velvet and cloth of gold, set off his graceful person to advantage. A crimson scarf floated loosely over his breast; and his snow-white plumes, drooping from his cap, mingled with the yellow curls that fell in profusion over his shoulders.”

Then follows a catalogue of chiefs, ships, and men, Homeric in spirit; and next is unrolled the pageant of that memorable sea-fight, which seemed a blending of Salamis with the rout of the Spanish armada:—

“The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had hitherto been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy. As the day advanced, moreover, the sun, which had shone in the eyes of the confederates, gradually shot its rays into those of the Moslems. Both circumstances were of good omen to the Christians, and the first was regarded as nothing short of a direct interposition of Heaven. Thus ploughing its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came more into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the allies. It

consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which, like those of the allies, appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board, of every description, were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand. The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular half-moon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in number. They presented, indeed, as they drew nearer a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily-painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers, fluttering gaily in the breeze; while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scimitars of Damascus, and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs."

The story of the battle is told with superb effect. Like Greeks, the two commanders sought a personal encounter:—

"Both the chiefs urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closed with a shock that made every timber crack, and the two vessels quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the pacha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon its opponent that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, and those on board had recovered from the shock, the work of death began."

Lastly,—

"Before seeking a place of shelter for himself and his prizes, Don John reconnoitered the scene of action. He met with several vessels too much damaged for further service. These, mostly belonging to the enemy, after saving what was of any value on board, he ordered to be burnt. He selected the neighboring port of Petala, as affording the most

secure and accessible harbor for the night. Before he had arrived there, the tempest began to mutter and darkness was on the water. Yet the darkness rendered only more visible the blazing wrecks, which, sending up streams of fire mingled with showers of sparks, looked like volcanoes on the deep."

Cervantes was there, and the romance of *La Mancha* was as yet unwritten.

Leaving the war narrative with which this volume is almost exclusively filled, and passing an elaborate notice of the Escorial, we can only point to a short but interesting digression on Philip's court and private life, as well as of Spanish manners in the sixteenth century, especially the manners of the nobles who fanned away three-fourths of their time in a royal atmosphere:—

"From this life of splendid humiliation they were nothing loth to escape into the country, where they passed their days in their ancestral castles, surrounded by princely domains, which embraced towns and villages within their circuit, and a population sometimes reaching to thirty thousand families. Here the proud lords lived in truly regal pomp. Their households were formed on that of the sovereign. They had their majordomos, their gentlemen of the bedchamber, their grand equerries, and other officers of rank. Their halls were filled with hidalgos and cavaliers, and a throng of inferior retainers. They were attended by body-guards of one or two hundred soldiers. Their dwellings were sumptuously furnished, and their sideboards loaded with plate from the silver quarries of the New World. Their chapels were magnificent. Their wives affected a royal state. They had their ladies of honor; and the page who served as cupbearer knelt while his mistress drank. Even knights of ancient blood, whom she addressed from her seat, did not refuse to bend the knee to her."

The genius of Mr. Prescott as a historian has never been exhibited to better advantage than in this very remarkable volume, which is grounded on varied and ample authority.

VALUE OF ITALIAN IMAGE-MEN.—I cannot abstain from acknowledging the debt we owe to the poor "image-men" who wander through our streets; for I have no hesitation in saying that they have done more to improve the general taste, to place copies of known sculpture within the reach of all, and to familiarize the eye of the English public with what is good, than any school (which a few only can attend), than any gallery (which the working-classes

seldom visit), or any institution in the country; and when we recollect that English art paraded (without shame) through the streets was confined to cats with moving heads, green parrots, wooden lambs covered with cotton wool, or (if the figure of a man was attempted) a coarse boor holding an equally vulgar pot of beer, we may feel grateful for the change so unostentatiously brought about by these humble foreigners.—*Sir Gardener Wilkinson on Color.*

From The Literary Gazette.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB had too long been content to breathe the unsavory air of that unsightly region, Little Russell Street, on account of its vicinity to the theatres, and its central position as a ready rendezvous for his friends. After winding up a narrow and ricketty pair of stairs (not unlike the "ilegant ladder" that led to the lofty family crib of George Colman's Irish cow-doctor, Mr. Looney Macwoulter), a visitor on entering a middle-sized room would dimly discover through the dense clouds of tobacco-smoke that were making their murky way up the chimney and through the key-holes, a noble head, worthy of Medusa, on which were thinly scattered white hairs (those blossoms of the grave!), and an expressive, thoughtful set of features, inclining to the Hebrew cast, mounted on a frame so fragile that the winds of heaven might be well excused if they visited it not too roughly. This was mine host. Around him at that witching time when "churchyards yawn," and sobriety in its soft bed is past yawning, a band of brother smokers and jokers, to whom the midnight chimes were more familiar music than the lark's, kept it up merrily. The locality generally induced the subject; hence the drama, from *Gammer Gurton's Needle* down (a painful descent!) to the last droll that had received its critical "Goose" (minus the apple-sauce!) was the topic of discussion. Hazlitt (a pale-faced, spare man, with sharp features and piercing eyes) would, after his ingenious and fanciful fashion, anatomize the character of *Hamlet*, and find in it certain points of resemblance to mankind in general; while Coleridge would as earnestly contend that *Hamlet* was an unique and a wonderful conception, totally unlike any other that had entered into the poetical heart or brain, adding, that Shakspeare might have borrowed from his own idiosyncrasy some of the more delicate and spiritual lights and shades. And the metaphysical subtlety and superior word-painting of Coleridge generally brought him off conqueror. Those who have heard Lamb descant upon, and seen John Kemble act *Lear* have, in truth, a just conception of the sublime. What Elia has *written* upon the heartbroken, discrowned old King, may not compare, for grandeur and intensity, with what he has *spoken*. The fiery flood of extemporaneous eloquence that he poured forth

touching *Lear's* madness, and its cause; the flashing of his dark, melancholy eye; the quivering of his fine poetical lips:—

"A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,

With forms to his conceit; "

bespoke a too mournful sympathy with that most terrible of human calamities, which induced those who were acquainted with his sad history, to divert him from a subject so personally exciting, and to lead him into flowery paths where fairies

"Hop in our walks, and gambol in our eyes,

And nod to us, and do us courtesies; "

paths in which he ever delighted to wander. . .

Nor were their endeavors unsuccessful.

He turned from tragedy to comedy with equal facility and grace. When the discussion grew tiresome, and some unbidden Coryphæus of commonplace was monotonously mouthing, he would, portentously pompous, play (as he called it) the "matter-of-lie-man," and interpose some absurd and transparent solecism, to the delight of Talfourd (the then pet of the bar for his amiability and frolicsome humor), who seconded his friend's facetious audacity with the raciest relish; while Hood, who (as Lamb said) carried two faces under his *namesake*, a tragic one and a comic, gave, with a well-pickled and pointed pun, commonplace its quietus. A plentiful hot supper (pork chops!) would follow; after which the goblets were re-filled, the pipes re-fused, and the entertaining talk was resumed for another pleasant hour or two. The company then took their leave, bidding each other "good night," while labor, returning to its daily toil, was grumbling "good morning."

Upon these occasions I was mostly a silent spectator, having much to learn, and little to impart. But I saw with sorrow that this mode of life was doing its sure work of destruction on the mind and body of my friend. It was therefore with sincere satisfaction that I received from his own lips the unexpected and thrice-welcome intelligence that he was removing to a cottage at Islington, where certain intrusive idlers were not likely to follow him, but where his chosen friends would always find him at home. In this congenial and quiet retreat he was soon comfortably settled. The New River flowed in its front, and a pretty garden in full bearing and bloom flourished in its rear. He now took

to the culture of flowers, particularly the rose, from its poetical association with Carew's exquisite song—

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose."

His trees supplied him liberally with fruit, which he as liberally distributed among his juvenile visitors. If the fishes of the New River knew him not (cockney *Piscators* with their penny rods had frightened even the minnows away!), the birds of the air did; for they congregated upon his green grass-plot, perched upon his window-sills, nestled in the eaves of his house-top, responded to his whistle, pecked up with sharpened beaks his plum-cake, and serenaded him morning and evening with their sweet songs. It became one of his amusements to watch their motions. "Commend me," he said, "to the sparrows for what our friend Mathews calls in his 'At Home,' 'irregular appropriation.' I remember seeing a precocious Newgate-bird snatch from the muckle mouth of a plethoric 'prentice-boy a hissing hot slice of plum-pudding, to the diversion of the bystanders, who could not but laugh heartily at the urchin's mendacious dexterity. But this sleight-of-hand feat is nothing to the celerity with which these feathered freebooters will make a tit-bit exchange beaks." Seeing his growing fondness for birds, I offered him a beautiful bullfinch ensconced in a handsome cage. But he declined the present. "Every song that it sung from its wiry prison," said he, "I could never flatter myself was meant for my ear; but rather a wistful note to the passing travellers of air 'that it were with them too!' This would make me self-reproachful and sad. Yet I should be loth to let the little captive fly, lest, being unused to liberty, it should flutter itself to death, or starve."

And with what complacency he boasted that, for the first time in his life, he was the absolute lord and master of a whole house!—of an undisturbed and a well-conducted home! I helped him to arrange his small, but judiciously-selected library (his darling folios, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Johnson and Company!); to hang in the best light his speaking portraits of the poets in old-fashioned ebony frames; and to adorn his mantle-pieces with shepherds and shepherdesses in beautiful Chelsea china, which, like their owner, looked grayer and fresher for the change! He lived abstemiously, retired to rest at a reasonable

hour, and rose early. He took long walks in the (*then!*) neighboring fields, and seldom returned without a noticeable nosegay of wild flowers. He lamented the rapid encroachments of "horrid bricks and mortar" upon the greensward, and it was during one of our many rural rambles together that he extemporized in prose, what I thus (to his cordially expressed contentment) turned and twisted into rhyme:—

"Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
Cut your rambles rather shorter,
Give green fields a little quarter!"

"You, in your suburban sallies,
Turn your pleasant fields and valleys
Into squalid courts and alleys.

"All along our rural passes
Where tripp'd village lads and lasses
Not a single blade of grass is?"

"Where I saw the daisies springing,
Where I heard the blackbird singing,
And the lark, while heaven-ward winging,

"I behold a rookery frightful
Which with tatters (tenants rightful!)
Beggary fills from morn to night full.

"And beside their neighbor wizen
For rogues I see a palace risen,
And for poverty a prison!"

"Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
Give green fields a little quarter:
As sworn foes to nature's beauty
You've already done your duty!"

He took much interest in the antiquities of "Merrie Islington." "Queen Elizabeth's Walk" became his favorite promenade in summer time, for its historical associations, its seclusion, and its shade. He would watch the setting sun from the top of old Canonbury Tower, and sit silently contemplating the "spangled heavens," (for he was a disciple of Plato, the great Apostle of the Beautiful!) until the cold night air warned him to retire. He was intimate with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable tower, and a brother antiquary in a small way, who took pleasure in entertaining him in the antique panelled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his "Traveller," and supped frugally on butter-milk, and in pointing to a small portrait of Shakspeare in a curiously carved gilt frame, which Lamb would look at longingly, and which has since become mine. He was never weary of toiling up and down the winding and narrow stairs of this suburban pile, and peeping into its quaint corners and cupboards, as if he expected to discover there some hitherto hidden clue to its mysterious origin! The ancient hostleries were also visited, and he

smoked his pipe, and quaffed his nut-brown ale at the Old Queen's Head from the festive tankard presented by one Master Cranch (a choice spirit!) to a former host, and in the Old Oak Parlor too where, according to tradition, the gallant Raleigh received "full souse" in his face the humming contents of a jolly Black Jack from an affrighted clown who, seeing clouds of tobacco smoke curling from the Knight's nose and mouth, thought he was all on fire! Though now, as he called himself, "a country gentleman," he occasionally shared in the amusements of the town, he had formerly been a great sight-seer, and the ruling passion still followed him to his Islingtonian Tusculum. "One who patronizes, as I do, Bartlemy Fair," said he, "must needs have an inkling for my Lord Mayor's Show. They both possess the charm of antiquity." Profanely speaking, I fear he rather affected the Smithfield Saturnalia; not that he loved the men in armor, the gingerbread gilt City coach, the broad banners and broad faces of London's corporation less, but that he loved dwarfs, giants, penny trumpets, and broad fun more, to say nothing of those unique attractions, the fried sausages and the little sweeps! He had a quick ear and a quick step for Punch and Judy, preluded by the eternal Pandean pipe and drum; and it was not until Punch had perpetrated all his traditional atrocities, and was left crowing and cacchinating solus on the scene, that he was to be coerced or coaxed away. Many a penny he has paid for a peep into a puppet-show; and after his final retirement to Edmonton he visited its fair, and renewed old acquaintanceship with the clowns and conjurors.

This happy change of life and scene produced the most salutary effects upon his constitution and mind. Those distressing day and night dreams, in which he saw

"More devils than vast hell can hold,"

no longer haunted him, and he lost much of that nervous irritability and restlessness that at one time threatened to become a permanent disease. As our friendship increased, our discourse grew more confidential and personal; and I learnt, to my deep gratification,

not to say surprise (for in the wild sallies of his innocent mirth he had said and done many things that were hardly consistent with the world's superficial sobriety), that a large amount of intellectual piety added another charm to his amiable character. I say *intellectual* piety; because much canting controversy has been lavished on its obvious meaning; as if piety were only for the unlearned, and were not the result both of reason and revelation. He pronounced the Liturgy of the Church of England the most devout, comprehensive, and glorious of heavenly inspirations, and sacred music (particularly the Evening Hymn, which he had lisped in childhood) melted him to tears. He never used the HOLY NAME idly. He had no sanctimonious, superfluous "God-willings." The divine permission was with him a well understood proviso in every engagement and promise that he made.

He was singularly charitable in judging of others, and often repeated, "Let not my weak, unknowing hand," &c., from Pope's beautiful prayer. He scorned the economical caution (so common with penny-wise philanthropy) that shuts the heart and hand indiscriminately against the street-beggar. "It is an accepted maxim," he would say, "that twenty rogues had better escape punishment, rather than that one innocent man should suffer. I therefore hold that to be duped by a dozen impostors out of a few paltry pence is not half so bad as denying one really deserving supplicant." He never refused gray hairs, the halt, or the blind, and he pointed to a fine engraving of Belisarius that adorned his dining-room as his excuse.

Spring and autumn were his favorite months. The one brought with it renewed verdure, hope, and joy; the other, with its falling leaves, fading flowers, and hollow, whistling winds, suited his constitutional melancholy. It was in autumn, alas! that he passed away from us. Here, for the present, I pause. Let us, my friend, forget his frailties, which were venial and few, and remember only his virtues, which were bright and many, and which we shall do well to emulate. His genius is far above our reach.

From The Literary Gazette.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table: Every Man his own Boswell. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Author of "Astida" and other Poems. (Edinburgh: Strahan and Co.)

MR. DICKENS, in his "American Notes," gives it as his opinion that the Americans are not a humorous people. Their literature, so far as we are acquainted with it, has always seemed to us to bear the same testimony. Washington Irving is an illustrious exception. There are few English writers so thoroughly English as he; no American is so kittle American. Judge Haliburton is an American, but he is not a United States man, and therefore cannot be cited in opposition. What is called American humor, bears the same relation to the genuine article that a burlesque or "screaming Adelphi farce" does to true comedy. Exaggeration always borders on un-reality, and the essence of American humor seems to be exaggeration. The little volume before us is scarcely an exception to what we have said. Mr. Holmes says a great many clever and ingenious things, and some true and deep ones. He is generally lively and amusing, and there is a pleasant vein of meditative sentiment in him. But he is not natural. He is fond of fantastic conceits, which have evidently cost him some trouble in the preparation. His humor is rather a polite smirk than a kindly genial smile. His "discursive talk" does not seem to flow from "household fountains never dry," but to be let-on, as from a reservoir. With these drawbacks thus indicated, his book may be read, in small proportions at a time, both with pleasure and with profit. There are thought and fancy in it, wit occasionally, and now and then a sympathetic, half-melancholy tone of moralizing on human life and its chances. The plan of the work is the following: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," acting as "his own Boswell," professes to report conversations over the breakfast-table of an American lodging-house, in which he took the lion's share. The other interlocutors are mine hostess, mine hostess' daughter, the

Professor, the Poet, the School-mistress, the Divinity Student, and, in contrast to the last, a youth named John, representative of the "fast" section of young America. Their part is to ask judicious questions, or to make injudicious remarks, and be refuted. In justice to the author and in refutation of our own remarks if *they* be injudicious, we give a few extracts, which will afford fair samples of the work:—

"There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords a great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

"Our brains are seventy year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection."

If the following is a true description of the matter, we are disposed to be thankful that the gods have not made us poetical:—

"A lyric conception—my friend, the Poet, said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head—then a long sigh—and the poem is written."

"The woman who 'calc'lates' is lost."

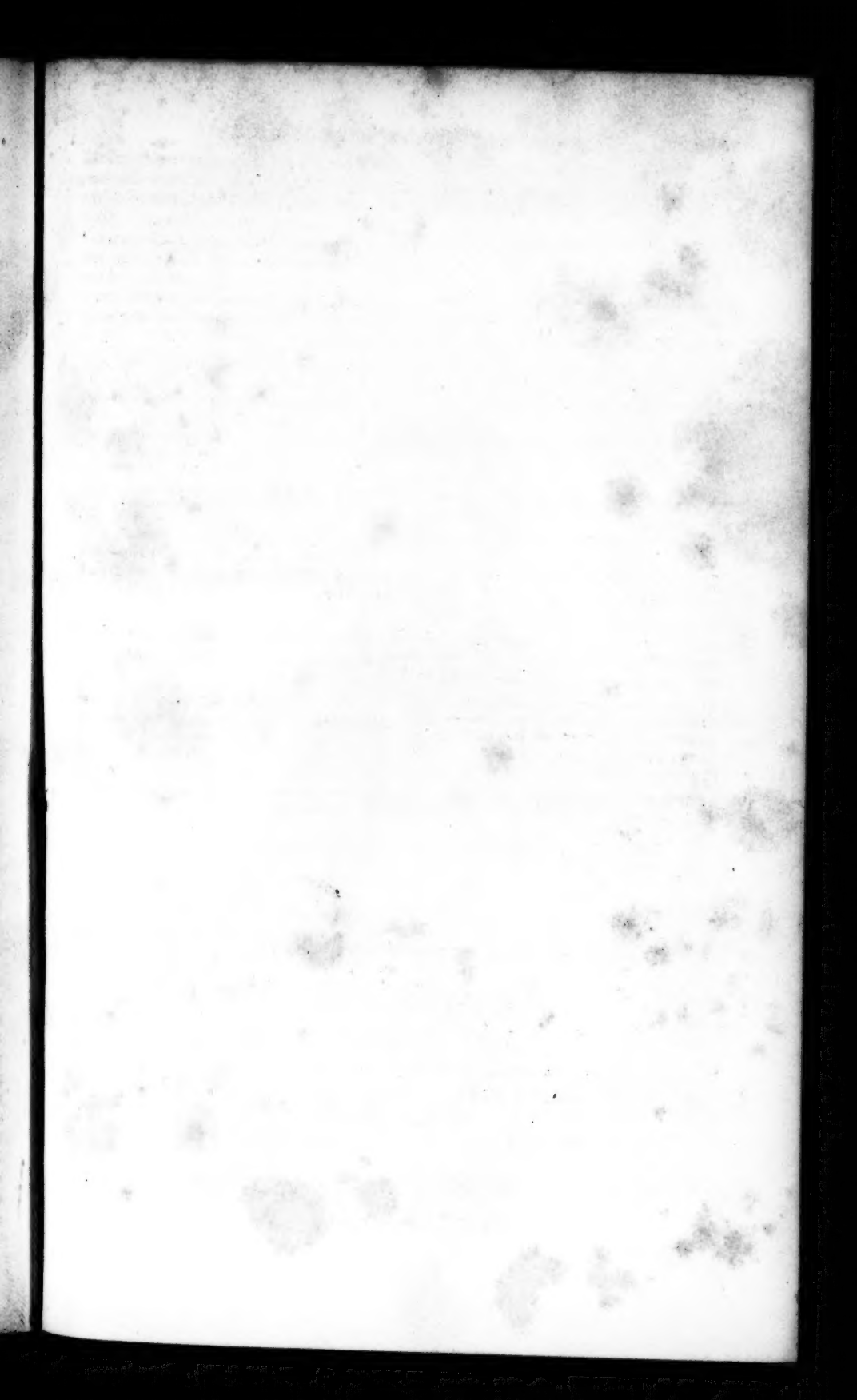
"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."

"Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all."

"A saying of one of the wittiest of men:—

"'Good Americans when they die go to Paris.'"

Mr. Holmes has interspersed among his prose many graceful verses. His volume, we should add, is a reprint of papers which appeared originally in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine."





Quincy engraved by Francis. Junr.

F. G. G. G.

*Very truly yours,
Thomas Dr. Quincy.*

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